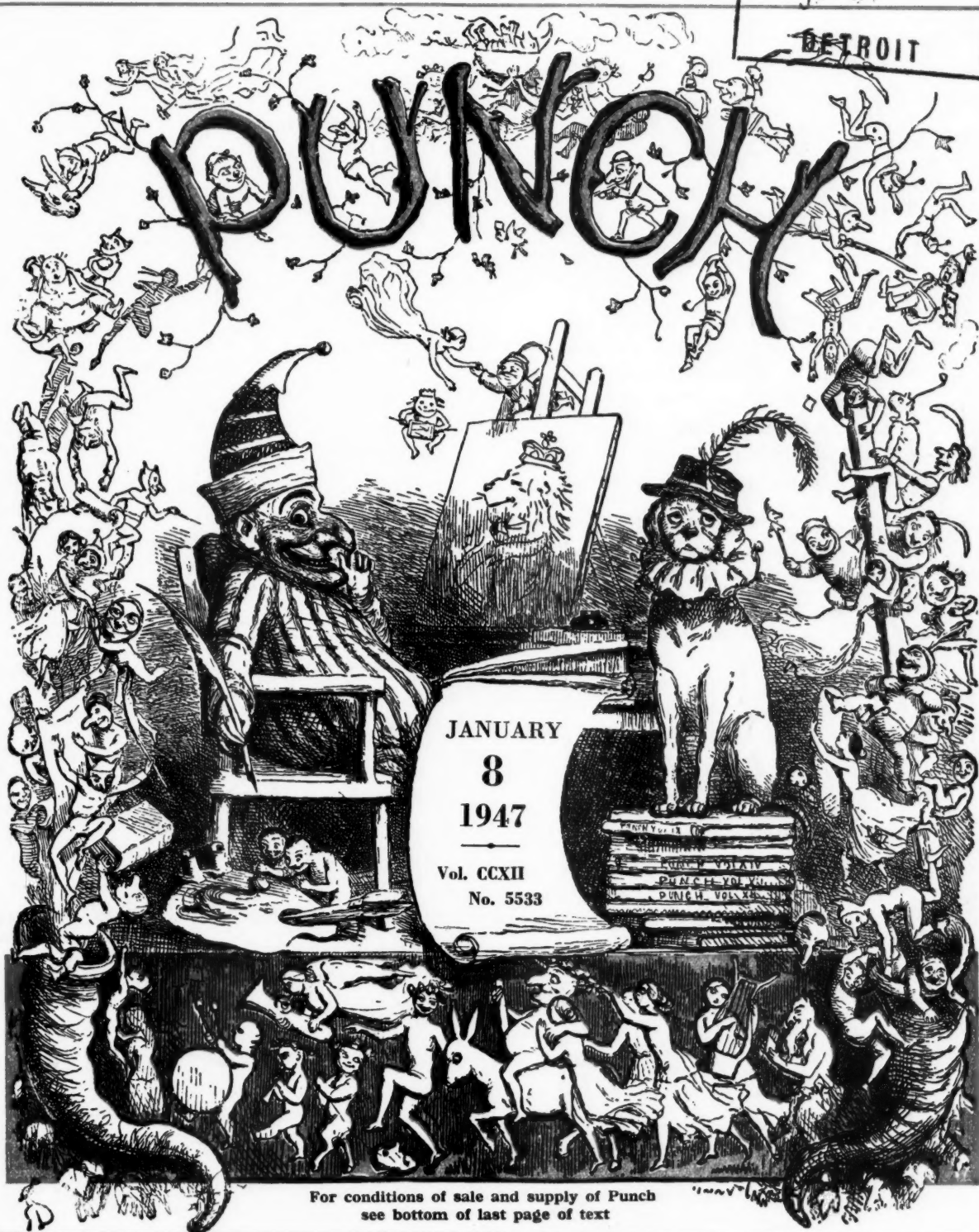


**DUNLOP** *Still* the standard by which all ~~tyres~~ are judged



JANUARY  
8  
1947

Vol. CCXII  
No. 5533

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text

Fit **Triplex**—and be safe  
Regd



By daylight . . . by artificial light . . . by firelight . . . there are some rooms that always look alive—and others that don't. The life comes in with wisely-chosen furnishings, when the fabrics fill the room with their own reflected brightness. Before long there'll be charming Sundour fabrics available for you to pick just the ones to wake your own rooms into life.

**Sundour**

FINE FURNISHING FABRICS

PN10

*"Jolly good biscuits!"*



A meal makes the railway journey seem shorter. And Weston biscuits give a happy ending to the meal. Tempting and satisfying, made from the finest ingredients obtainable, they are a first-class food.

**Weston**



**Sharp's** SPECIALISE IN MAKING TOFFEE

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD  
of HAIDSTONE, KENT  
"THE TOFFEE SPECIALISTS"



Specially prepared by  
Abdulla for all lovers of  
the American style cigarette.

Fifth Avenue . 20 for 2/4

173 New Bond Street, W.1



## HINTS TO NEW HOUSEWIVES

**McDougall Do's**

No. 3

*DO keep new flour separate from old. When bin or canister is empty, clean (preferably by scalding) and leave to cool before filling with fresh flour. DO write to Janet Johnston, McDougall's cookery expert, for advice. Her address is:*



WHEATSHEAF MILLS, MILLWALL DOCKS, LONDON, E.14

**McDougall's**  
SELF-RAISING FLOUR

*- it has all the EXPERIENCE you need !*

*Your happiest and wisest choice . . .*

**GOBLIN**

ELECTRIC CLEANERS  
ELECTRIC CLOCKS  
ELECTRIC IRONS  
"TEASMADE"



THE unsurpassed performance of GOBLIN Electric Cleaners owes much to the many years of research and improvement undertaken by the makers—the firm that originated Vacuum Cleaning. To-day the word

GOBLIN is associated in countless households with products of fine workmanship, reliability and long service—qualities which characterise the whole range of GOBLIN Electric Domestic Appliances.

**GOBLIN**  
Electric Appliances

THE BRITISH VACUUM CLEANER & ENGINEERING CO. LTD.,  
Goblin Works, Leatherhead, Surrey. Ashstead 866

*"Shall we  
sample their*

**SILLABUBS AND FLUMMERIES?"**

In 1817 a new luxury came to London. In Mayfair a shop was opened for the sale of iced delicacies: sillabubs and flummeries (iced fruit with cream and wine) became the fashionable, but expensive, vogue. To-day, ices and iced drinks are within the reach of all. And soon—perhaps in 1947—the blessings of refrigeration in the home will be available, too. The new Prestcold are on the way! And that means: milk that never 'turns'—food kept fresh and appetising—exciting sweets—your own ices. Plan now for a Prestcold, better-than-ever due to wartime experience and progress!

**PRESTCOLD**  
Refrigeration

A PRODUCT OF THE PRESSED STEEL  
CO. LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD



*"Prestcold will make Refrigeration an every household word."*

**WELL I'M  
BAFFLED!**

The A104 is already known as the "Baffle Set"—and a very good name too. For it is in fact just a large (and beautiful) baffle board with the 'works' attached at the rear. You may not know or care what *baffle board* means but your ears will tell you what this design means in improved reproduction. Orders for this model are very big indeed and you may have to wait a bit for delivery. But the A104 is worth waiting for!

**murphy**

A104 A.C. Mains only. Price £30.11.1  
including Purchase Tax  
Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City,  
Herts.

C.R.C.209



This world-famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.

Wine Merchants to H.M. the King, Windsor St. W. 1

# VOTRIX

Why it is  
wise  
to say...

★ NOW LET'S HAVE A  
GIN AND VOTRIX

Closely guarded by the makers of all good Vermouth is the exact method of preparation—the proportions of the aromatic herbs, and the method of introducing them to the wine. Fortunate in the possession of an ancient recipe, well tried and proved by time, the makers of Votrix Vermouth obtain the final perfection of flavour by using delicious wine from selected Empire grapes and blending it with aromatic herbs in the old and accepted traditional method. The result is public knowledge, yet because Votrix is prepared in England it is still available at a fair price.

# VERMOUTH

SWEET OR DRY 9/3

Produced and bottled by  
Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey



The Overseas Branch of National Provincial Bank, with its long experience and specialised knowledge, offers unique facilities for providing first-hand information relative to Canadian and Empire Markets, and all countries throughout the world.

A staff of experts is available to deal with every type of transaction, commercial or private, between this country and any part of the world.

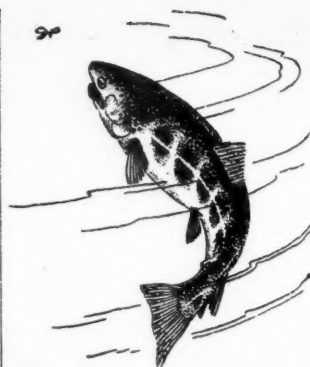
Consult the local Branch Manager of

## NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK

LIMITED

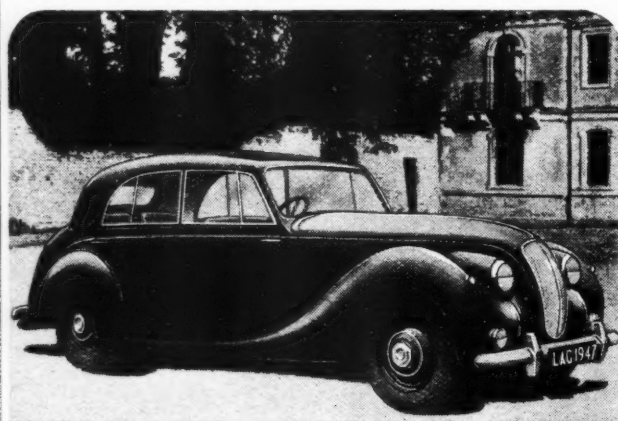
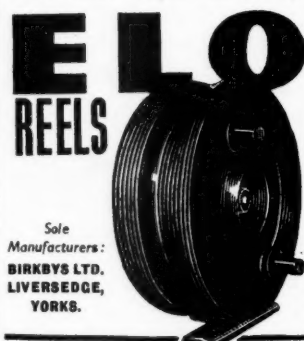
Head Office: 15, Bishopsgate, London, E.C. 2.

Principal Overseas Branch: 1, Princes Street, London, E.C. 2.



AMONGST the many record catches of Trout is that of a Brown Trout weighing 39½ lb. caught on a medium-sized salmon fly in Loch Awe in 1866.

Such catches are the ambition of many owners of ELO Fishing Reels.



A completely new car of our time . . .

This entirely new car gives superb riding comfort for 4½ persons. Four-wheel fully independent springing. Maximum speed 90 m.p.h. Average petrol consumption over 20 m.p.g. Engine capacity 2580 c.c. Annual tax £26.

Available as Saloon, 4½ Seater Drophead Coupe, or Chassis only.

the 2½ litre, Six Cylinder



LAGONDA LIMITED STAINES MIDDLESEX

very good knitwear..

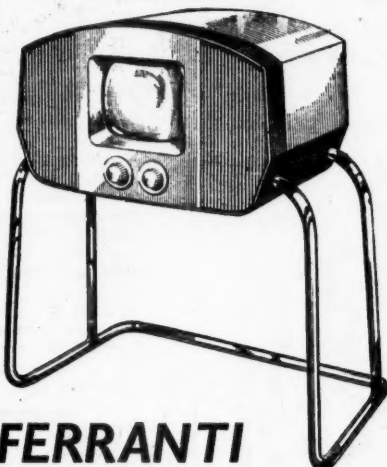


## Worth looking into!

Ferranti television receivers are as uncommonly good-looking as they are good in performance.

Their looks are the result of a modern approach to a modern medium; their performance derives from long years of distinguished work in the electrical field. That is why you can rely upon Ferranti television.

Model 1246 with 10" x 8" screen, two-knob control, and twin speakers; in copper lacquer and cream finish. Price £109.12.0 (inc. £20.2.0 tax)



**Clearly, FERRANTI**  
for Television

FERRANTI LTD MOSTON MANCHESTER 10; AND 36 KINGSWAY LONDON WC2

## Built to last...



The Men's Shoe Department at Simpsons is not only distinguished for its fine footwear — hand-lasted, well-styled and long wearing — but endless care and skill is devoted to the actual fitting of the shoes.

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd.  
202 Piccadilly, London, W.1

**Simpson**  
PICCADILLY

Regent 2002



★ Sold on Merit alone and supplies are better too  
MERITOR FAMED SPECIALITIES include:

- MERITOR TOILET BRUSHWARE
- MERITOR PLASTIC EYEBATHS
- MERITOR ANTISEPTIC, OINTMENTS & MEDICINAL PREPARATIONS
- MERITOR D.D.T. ANTIMOTH
- MERITOR FOOD FLAVOURINGS
- Know them by their smart packaging at y-o-u-r chemist

S. MAW, SON & SONS, LTD.  
ALDERGATE HOUSE,  
NEW BARNET, HERTS.



*A Swan Pen*

*for the New Year*



A certain number of pens will be available in the shops for the New Year; side lever and modern leverless pens from 21/- to 50/- Purchase Tax extra.

MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD. 41 PARK STREET, LONDON, W.1



*Inner Cleanliness*  
comes first — for  
**HEALTH**



71-12 When days are cold many prefer Andrews with the chill off

**ANDREWS**  
FOR INNER CLEANLINESS

Family size tin 2/- Guaranteed to contain 8 oz.

EXPERIENCE  
COUNTS!

THAT IS WHY YOU  
CAN RELY ON

*Carr's of  
Carlisle*  
Manufacturers  
of Biscuits

ESTABLISHED 1831

STILL THE LEADERS  
FOR QUALITY

©C938

DAD'S LATE



WITH THE  
WILKINSON'S  
LIQUORICE  
ALLSORTS



SAUCES  
MADE FOR  
THE  
CONNOISSEUR

by  
*Escoffier*

SAUCE ROBERT SAUCE DIABLE

THE LANGUAGE OF FASHION



*Aristoc*

To well-dressed women a hand-in-  
stocking is 'sign-language' for Aristoc,  
loveliest of stockings

\* ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS \*



DASHING Colonel Jack Hill, brother of Queen Anne's favourite Lady-in-Waiting, cut a fine figure as he strode down Piccadilly one day in 1710. Just back from the French wars, he was eager to inspect that new shop of Mr. Fortnum and Mr. Mason he'd heard so much of in letters from home. Egad! But that magnificent display of fine things won his professional admiration! And many like him since have found pleasure in the consistently high quality of the good things at Fortnum & Mason's.

*Fortnum and Mason Ltd.,*  
181, Piccadilly, W.1.

*Outgrown before Outworn*

Get 'em good  
and large!



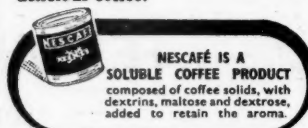
*Cherub*  
for CHILDREN

SOCKS • UNDERWEAR • SLUMBERWEAR • OUTERWEAR

but I've got a tin  
of **NESCAFÉ**



The lucky man who's got the tin of Nescafé is sure of trouble-free performance all the time. No tinkering—no bother. Just make Nescafé right in the cup, and you have perfect, full-flavoured fragrant coffee without a hitch. Demand is ever growing, and supplies do not yet keep pace with it. But you'll get your chance, and then for Nescafé. None of the drawbacks but all the enjoyment of really delicious coffee.



(24) A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

**FUTURE  
JOYS**

KING'S  
OWN (DRAWING)  
—E—  
PEDIGREE (COPYING)

**CUMBERLAND**  
PENCIL COMPANY LIMITED  
KESWICK



Many Mores Ahead!

**SENIOR'S**  
FISH & MEAT PASTES



*What will happen next?*

..... don't cry, Joan, you've only grazed her .... What will happen next, I wonder? Did someone say a schoolteacher leads a quiet life? They ought to be in my shoes!"

There's quite a lot to be said for being in this busy schoolteacher's shoes. They're Arch Preserver, her unfailing choice because they supply the correct answer to footstrain.

★ The famous comfort features do the trick.



- ★ Steel arch bridge for firm support.
- ★ Individually placed metatarsal pad for comfort.
- ★ Perfectly flat innersole for comfort-plus.

## SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOES

17-18 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

*In American sizes and a wide range of fittings*

Your Personal Fitting can be arranged at appointed Selberite Arch Preserver Agents and at Branches of MANFIELD & SONS.

AP/4/2



**FOX'S**  
*Glacier*  
**MINTS**

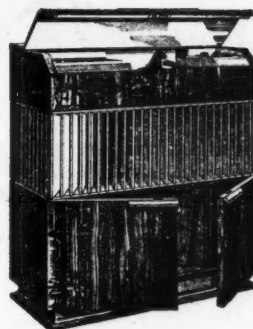
THE FINEST PEPPERMINT  
IN THE WORLD

Also made in  
"Double Strength" and "Connoisseur"

**Cash's**  
**NAME TAPES**

To avoid disappointment, customers are urged to order from their retailer well in advance. We regret that we are still unable to execute orders with our usual promptitude.

J. & J. CASH LTD., Dept. Pu. 31, COVENTRY



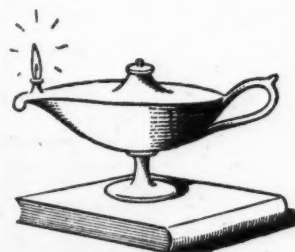
At home—in the beautiful homes where the works of the artist craftsmen are still used for the purpose for which they were designed—you will find the Decola. Once only the reigning dukes and princes could hear at home the superb performances of the great court musicians. To-day the Decola brings the living music of the concert hall into the homes where only the truly beautiful is good enough and perfection is the criterion.

The Decola is the world's first electric record reproducer having a response range of thirty to fourteen thousand cycles per second. Listening to Decola reproduction gives the impression that there is no reproduction. You hear—it seems that you see—the orchestra in your own home. Every note—every over-tone and transient within the range of human hearing—is vibrantly alive. Price £216-11-3 (inclusive of purchase tax).

*Decola*

DE LUXE living music

The Decca Record Co., Ltd., 1-3, Brixton Road, London, S.W.9



*"In the present  
state of medical  
knowledge . . ."*

Although medical science is continually learning new truths and developing old ones, one health rule remains rock-steady through all new discoveries. Nerves need organic phosphorus and protein if they are to withstand the strain of these harassing days. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' are organic phosphorus and protein chemically combined.

**'SANATOGEN'**  
Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

In one size only for the time being—  
6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).

A 'Genatosan' Product.



'KEPLER' BRAND  
COD LIVER OIL  
WITH MALT EXTRACT  
In two sizes 3/3 and 5/9

Made from the purest cod liver oil and malt extract, one fluid ounce of KEPLER provides not less than 3,500 International Units of Vitamin A and 500 International Units of Vitamin D.

A BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. PRODUCT



In these days growing children depend upon getting the right food extras. After sixty years 'Kepler' is still the finest "food extra" you can buy—so start the children on 'Kepler' from today. They all love its sweet, malty flavour.



"Drene Shampoo finds hidden lustre in my hair" says *Deborah Kerr*

Famous Star of The Archers' film "Black Narcissus"

No wonder so many women use Drene Shampoo! Like the stars of Stage and Screen, they have discovered how Drene gives hair new and fascinating lustre. These exciting highlights can be yours too, the first time you use Drene. Hair becomes easy to set right after the shampoo... looks more glamorous than ever before. 7½d. and 1/10½d. and an extra large Family Size that will save you money...ask your chemist or hairdresser.



★ ★  
**drene**  
THE SHAMPOO  
OF THE STARS

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED. NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



This Journey is necessary

Exports are vital—and Morlands must contribute their share. But colour, comfort and cosy warmth will soon be back to gladden you again in

**MORLANDS**  
WOOLLY SHEEPSKIN

Unexcelled for  
Tea-time Sandwiches!



**CROSSE &  
BLACKWELL LTD**



# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXII No. 5533

January 8 1947

## Charivaria

A BABY boy was recently christened Unesco. At the ceremony there was a large gathering of cultural relations.

Owing to coupon difficulties, we read, the costume of a provincial "Railway Queen" will be on austerity lines this year. As an appropriate gesture it is suggested that her train should be taken off.

Door-to-door salesmen report that people are now much more sympathetic than they used to be. Some, we understand, have even gone out of their way to put the word "Sorry" in front of the "No Hawkers" on their gates.

"BEVIN WENT DOWN WELL IN WASHINGTON"

Looking for Truth?

"Times of Malta."

### Any Takers?

"Experienced Governess required immediately or latest New Year owing injury to present one, to take charge three children, 9, 8, 5."

Advt. in "The Times."

The vicar conducted an auction at a recent church sale. The nodding heads in the congregation made him feel quite at home.

When a passer-by was hit on the head by a brick dropped from a building under repair he refused an immediate offer of a lump sum as compensation. He evidently wanted to see if the lump got any bigger.



A producer is looking for a girl to take the part of a haughty foreign princess. He might try the stamp counter at the post office.



Freak weather recently caused roads to freeze in patches. Skidding was thus satisfactorily staggered.

A powerful telescope to be erected in California will enable scientists to see twice as far into space as they do now. They have promised to tell the world as soon as they notice the high cost of living coming down.

A housewife reports that she saw some small boys playing a game of football recently with a lemon. We take it that the game came to an end at half-time.

Cupro-nickel coins, instead of silver, become legal tomorrow, but they will not be issued until next January 1. They will be dated 1947, so they can be easily distinguished from silver coins.

"Daily Express."

The fact that this is the date of issue is just a happy coincidence.

The church bell-ringers acted as stage hands when a pantomime was produced in an Essex village hall. We understand that it took their united efforts to get the fairy queen airborne.



## Influenza

GIVE me a friend who when I lie  
Stricken and lonely and accursed  
And coughing intermittently  
Like an old sheep about to burst,  
Will not come nigh the martyr's bier,  
The aching brows with fever kissed,  
And din into the tortured ear  
The mirthful times that I have missed.

I am too weak, too weak to hear  
The tale of what some hearty brute  
Had in the way of Christmas cheer  
While I was eating arrowroot;  
If he but breathe another word  
Of how he danced and drank champagne  
The tonsils will be badly furred,  
The temperature will rise again.

His "How I wish you had been there!"  
His "What a pity you were bad!"  
Do but infect the sick-room's air  
And mark the utterance of a cad;

The pillowed cheek is wan with woe,  
The eyes, whose light has died away,  
Dumbly implore that he should go  
And take his ruddy face away.

But give me one of thoughtful mind  
Who enters with a staggering gait,  
With features fallow and care-lined,  
And asks me to commiserate!  
Who says his brain is stuffed with wool  
The wine was corked, the food uncooked,  
The floors abominably full,  
The pantomimes entirely booked.

Then the poor invalid at last  
Feels life within the languid frame,  
He smiles, sits up, the crisis past,  
He murmurs "I am glad you came."  
Light breaks above the murky town,  
His roughened tongue grows soft as silk,  
He bids his visitor sit down  
And share with him the grapes and milk.

EVOE.

## Do the Next Thing.

IT is not a bad idea, on the first free day in a new year, to get those little odd jobs done about the house that for one reason or another have been put off over-long. A general check-up and clear-out, methodically carried out, gives one a feeling of starting the year on equal terms and amply repays the time and trouble spent.

For instance, last Saturday I made a start on the bottom right-hand drawer of my desk, which gets cluttered up as time goes on with the stubs of old cheque-books, order-forms for coke, and so on. The coke people send an order-form—it's a postcard actually—with their receipt for the last lot, and I find there is no sense in keeping these things indefinitely, because we always order by telephone. In the same way one can easily have too many stubs of old cheque-books. And so on.

The bottom drawer of my desk has been sticking badly for some time, and on the principle of first things first I went and got the tool-box to see what sandpaper would do. A more shocking mess than that tool-box you seldom saw. I admit I do not always put things back in exactly the right compartment myself, but I am not talking about that. What does annoy me is when people upset the screws all over the bottom of the box and do absolutely nothing about it. That and bunting the chisels in among the pliers and pincers, instead of hanging them inside the lid by means of the loops provided. It blunts them inevitably, treating them like that, and I was going to create a bit of a fuss about it, only having to go out to the garage to look for the pliers and pincers, which seemed to be missing, put the matter out of my head. In any case it is better to get the tool-box ship-shape first, with everything

in its proper place, and then show the others how it ought to be kept, than to go running about the place looking for somebody to jump on and perhaps get diverted on to some other job in the process.

The garage doors badly need attention. The broken lock and the missing pane of glass are professional jobs, of which I already have a note, but it is ridiculous to waste time and energy half a dozen times a day hauling and tugging at the left-hand door when all that is needed to unjam it is to hit the upright one or two sharp blows with the coal-hammer. What happens is that the upright, or jamb, pulls away from the brickwork at the bottom, with the result that the hinges are no longer vertical and the top of the door sticks against the lintel. Knocking the jamb back into position frees the door, and that is all there is to it. It would have taken me, I should estimate, two minutes from start to finish to fix that door if the coal-hammer had been where it ought to be, in the coal-shed.

When I shouted to ask where the devil the coal-hammer had got to, somebody said had I looked in the cupboard outside the kitchen door? And knowing it was useless to expect any more help than that I went straight round and looked.

I suppose I was a fool even to contemplate getting that cupboard cleared out and tidied up, but when I am in a mood to get things done and come across a job so obviously crying out to be taken in hand I must say I like to tackle it straightaway. The jam-jars! Nobody in the world could need so many jam-jars. And brushes and brooms in hopeless confusion, with half a bag of



ATOMIC LETHARGY



*"Do you mind if I smoke my chocolate cigar?"*

cement spilling out over my old snow-shoes and the step-ladder with one leg wedged through the trestle part of an ironing-board. One thing particularly annoyed me, and I said so.

"What on earth are the deck-chairs doing in here?" I shouted.

Nobody answered.

"The proper place for the deck-chairs is the cupboard under the stairs," I said.

Trying to get an apology out of anyone in this place is like pulling gum-boots out of thick mud.

"Surely you all know that?" I added bitterly.

Getting no reply I wrenched the deck-chairs out, kicked a bucket of dried whitewash back into the cupboard and took the chairs along to the place under the stairs. If you want anything done, the quickest way is to do it yourself, I find.

Deck-chairs fit very cosily into the cupboard under the stairs if you put them in horizontally and lean them against the further wall. But it really doesn't help if some terrorist goes and chucks a lot of old golf-clubs in in such a way that they all fall forward against the door as soon as it is shut and wedge their other ends against the picnic basket when you try to open it again. Fortunately there

was a gap just wide enough to admit my arm and I reckoned that if I got my umbrella from the hat-rack I might be able to prise the clubs loose and sweep them back against the wall. And so I would have done had my umbrella been, for once, in its usual place.

"Now where's my umbrella got to?" I cried.

They said it was broken.

"I know that," I said. "But where is it?"

When they said it was in the cupboard under the stairs I very nearly said something that would have done no good in the long run, but I kept my temper and only asked what the blazes a crate of empties was doing in the hall. They said they were there for the man to take away as soon as I had summoned up the energy to ring up and tell him to collect them—a bit of sarcasm that would have impressed me more if the whole dozen empties had been there instead of only eleven. I made a special trip to the sideboard to get the odd one, but it wasn't there. What I *did* find cluttering up the dining-room was another of those infernal order-forms for coke and I took it straight upstairs and put it with the others in the bottom right-hand drawer of my desk.

So that was one good job done.

H. F. E.

## Aunt Tabitha En Route

THE fact that *The Times* did not print any of my Aunt Tabitha's letters in its recent correspondence on "Schoolboys' Manners" made the situation all the more interesting when, after a hard day somewhere or other, we all fought our way into a train-compartment wherein every seat was occupied by a schoolboy who showed no sign of getting up.

The fit was tight; we, however, were all cold sober. Aunt Tabitha from her position in the middle of the scrum cast a glance of icy contempt along the seated ranks and finally, her eye on a heavily-built youth with a blue chin, opened the attack by booming sternly: "In my young days, schoolboys were little gentlemen."

In a deep bass voice the boy addressed observed "That must have been a sight for dinosauri. In any event, my withers are unwrung."

"When I was a boy I once spent the whole of one New Year's Eve wringing withers and running away," said Aunt Tabitha's fat uncle, chattily.

"Bless me, what a lot," said Aunt Tabitha, ignoring this and twisting about to examine the throng on the seats. "And the size of them! That one there looks old enough to be in the Army."

"I did spend a few months with the colours," said the boy referred to, "at the end of which time they were totally indistinguishable. So I was dropped, and here I am, on a Government grant."

"Is it soft?" one of the cousins wittily inquired.

"On the contrary, I found it very hard indeed," said the boy. "Just you try to get one."

Without paying any attention at all to this interchange, Aunt Tabitha now said resentfully, "And that other one farther along. Why shouldn't he get up? He looks as strong as a bull."

"Bull?" repeated one of her great-grandfathers (the one with the ears and the classical education). "I am strongly tempted to tell the wonderful old story of the counting or mathematical bull, affectionately named Archimedes, that suddenly jumped out of its bath and ran into the street bellowing 'Europa!' The only reason I do not tell it is that there are so many young people present."

In a grumpy tone Aunt Tabitha said "Serves them right. What did the younger generation ever do for us? Bless me, when they won't even give up a measly railway seat, dusty, filthy, ragged and stuffed full of rocks—I have no wish to be uncomplimentary, but I am trying very hard to be insulting—"

"I will say," her thin uncle said weightily, "that these characters might be more obliging. One might almost say they were as disobliging as the Americans, who won't give people the atomic what'sname. The atomic thingummy. The atomic—the atomic—"

One of the cousins said "Know-how," which led another to say "Contrariwise."

Aunt Tabitha wrenched one arm free of the crush and rapped smartly on the broken luggage-rack. "Enough of this fruitless chit-chat," she said hoarsely. "There is a problem of juvenile behaviour or social etiquette on the agenda."

"The feminine agenda?" coyly inquired her grandmother, or Grammar.

The boys on the seats perked up a little at this suggestion, only to subside again into boredom as Aunt Tabitha replied "No."

There was a silence, broken only by the shrill cries of

a boy in one corner who chose this moment to announce that he was now ready to collect overdue subscriptions to the Hölderlin and Kierkegaard Fan Club. Then Aunt Tabitha resumed the battle.

"Would we have patronized this ill-lit, noisome and decrepit cattle-truck," she demanded rhetorically, "if we had known that every inch of seating space, such as it is, would be hidden from view beneath an able-bodied schoolboy in rude health—in health so rude that he has not the decency to stand up for his elders and betters?"

There was raucous laughter from the seated boys at this last word, but Aunt Tabitha took no notice of it and cried "A thousand times no! Rather than subject ourselves to such discomfort and indignity we would have placed our transport problem in the hands of some road haulier."

"What road haulier?" her thin uncle asked.

"Any road haulier."

"Vis-à-vis the railway company," her eldest great-grandfather piped up, "I don't think we can exactly adopt a haulier-than-thou attitude."

"What!" Aunt Tabitha cried into his ear, which was favourably placed. "Do you mean to say that if you had been told to go by road you would have needed any second bidding?"

At this point the train ground to a standstill at our destination, Second Bidding (a brick-red city about one-sixth as old as Time, which has never recovered from not being the title of one of Mr. Eliot's *Four Quartets*). As we spilled out on to the slush-covered platform our cries of disgust were drowned by the creak of stretching schoolboys' legs.

R. M.

### Ingenious Device

"FOR OTHER FRONT PAGE NEWS SEE BACK PAGE"

Malaya paper.



"A little tight across the shoulders, don't you think?"

## A Deal in Livestock

THERE are things beyond our knowledge, into which some attempt to pry, and yet from many of them there is entertainment to be had by merely observing them as they pass, without inquiring anything of their origin. Such an event came my way the other day: it may have been on its way through history, or through anything else for all I know; I only saw it passing for five minutes from an unknown destination towards an unknown end. This little glimpse of its progress was all I saw, or rather heard, for I only give secondhand what was told me by a friend, whose word I always take, myself, without necessarily recommending anyone else to do so. "I saw Mickie the other day walk into Kinehan's," he said. And I never asked him what other name Mickie had. "He come up to Timmy, who was there before him, and he says to him, 'It's a matter for tact, Timmy. Use all the tact you've got. Don't pay him too much, if you can help it; but never mind that so long as you use tact. I got plenty more of these.' And with that he gives him a bundle of notes. 'Whist, now,' he says. 'Paddy will be here in a moment, and I'm off.' And with that he goes out of the door, leaving Timmy with the thousand-pound notes, for that is what they turned out to be. And Paddy walks in almost at once. And Timmy says to him, 'Will you have a drink?' And Paddy says 'I don't mind if I do.'

And they sits down, and not a word said by either until the drinks come. And then Timmy says, putting his hand into his pocket and pulling out a thousand-pound note: 'I don't like to be carrying a thing like this about all day, for I find people can't give me change for it, and it's only in my way. Would it be any use to you? For it's no use to me.' And Paddy looks at it once and turns away and says 'What use would it be to me either? It's too much for a drink or a bus-fare, and too little for anything I would be wanting. Sure, it would be no use to me at all. Keep it, and maybe you'd find some use for it one day yourself.' And Timmy says 'How would two of them suit you? For I have another here, and it's no use to me either.'

"And Paddy says 'Did you ever hear the riddle about what is like a cat looking out of a window? And the answer, if I remember it rightly, was two cats looking out of a window. Well, it's like that with me. If one's no use to me, two wouldn't be either.'"

"I see what you mean," says Timmy. "And what would you say to three?"

"And Paddy says 'I'd say nothing to three.'"

"Well," says Timmy, 'I must be going on in a moment, as I promised to take a friend to the Zoo; and it's a pity to be wasting our time in talking, when there's so little of it left, on

account of my friend being waiting for me. So I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you five of them.'

"Well," says Paddy, 'if it's like that with you, and your time's short and you don't want to be lumbering up your pocket with them things, sure I'll take them off you, and thank you. Maybe I'll find some use for them, though it's not much they'll buy nowadays.'

"And Timmy hands over the five thousand-pound notes. 'Maybe there is one thing they might buy,' Timmy says, as he does so, looking Paddy straight in the eyes. And Paddy takes no notice and walks away. And Mickie walks in through a side door, by which he must have been listening, and Timmy gives back some notes that he has to spare, and says 'Did I pay him too much?'

"Ah, never mind that," said Mickie. 'Haven't we plenty?'

"Did I show enough tact?" he says.

"Your tact was grand," says Mickie, 'right up to the end. Only you shouldn't have said that about there being one thing we might buy.'"

And there the story ends, without my informant ever quite having told me what it was all about. ANON.

## Back Again

THE trouble is, it's miles too long," said the doctor. "I don't know how you manage to drag the thing about all the time."

"We support each other somehow," I said. "I give it a friendly pat occasionally."

"When did it buckle up this time?"

"Two vertebræ stopped work last Saturday; three more struck on Monday—in sympathy, I suppose; yesterday all five formed themselves into a knot; and now they're pulling it tight. Hxh!"

"What was that?"

"You heard," I said sourly. "There's just one position I can bear—for about two minutes—and I haven't found that one to-day so far."

"Come over here."

"Can't. I'm stuck again."

The doctor has long fingers like corkscrews, and he is never satisfied until they have located and assaulted a major nerve-centre.

"Did that hurt?"



"Psst! Want to buy a pub?"

"My screams were not intended to express gratification. I—Hxjxh!"

Without warning he had clapped his knee across my chest and given my spine a paralysing twist. There was a dreadful tearing sound and I knew that my end had come.

"It's only your shirt," said the doctor. "It seems to have gone across the shoulders. Must be poor stuff. Pity we didn't have it off."

"You told me to keep my shirt on," I objected. I stood straight up, for the first time that day. I caressed my feet and thereby ended a long and painful estrangement. I took off my shirt and so undid in a few seconds the patient work of twelve minutes. "However, my children can wait another year for new winter—Hxjqjxh!"

This time he had suddenly clasped me from behind and lifted the upper half of my torso clean out of the lower half; a moment later he set it down in a different position and literally made a new man of me.

"There! I've straightened out all the kinks. I think you'll be all right from now on, *provided you never turn to the left*. Remember: keep right. Turn left, and you'll be crawling back to me within a week."

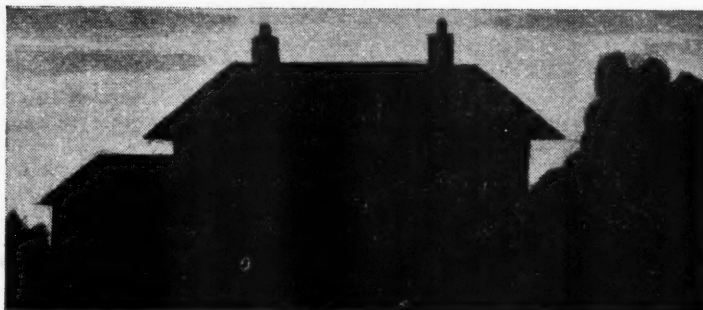
I found this condition difficult at first, but I have obeyed it successfully for several days. When I wish to go left—and it is bound to happen sooner or later—I simply spin the long way round, and I have learned so to control this movement that I only occasionally overshoot the mark and have to go round a second (or even a third) time. Besides inculcating in me what I feel sure is an important moral lesson, this process has material advantages. In jostling for position on a crowded pavement I know no better manoeuvre for striking terror into one's competitors; in argument with an adversary on one's left its surprise execution, followed by a lunge forward on the right foot and perhaps emphasized by a menacing forefinger, shatters the enemy's defences and leaves him open to a prolonged verbal attack.

My greatest problem was a certain spiral staircase which ascends, conveniently enough, in a right-hand curve, but descends, by a regrettable but immutable physical law, in a bend sinister. I am compelled to use it several times a day.

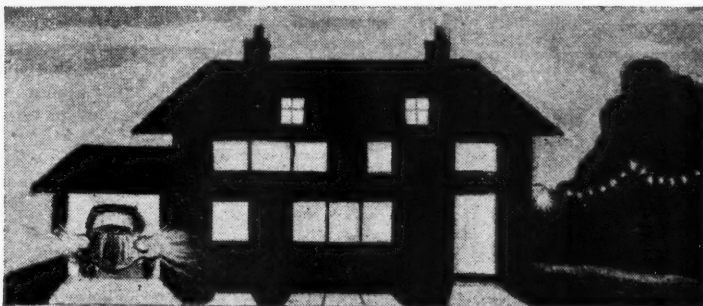
"You can always *fall* down from the window," suggested a colleague.

"Yes. But you can't always fall so far in comfort," I grumbled. "And if I break a leg only twice a week the expense will still be prohibitive."

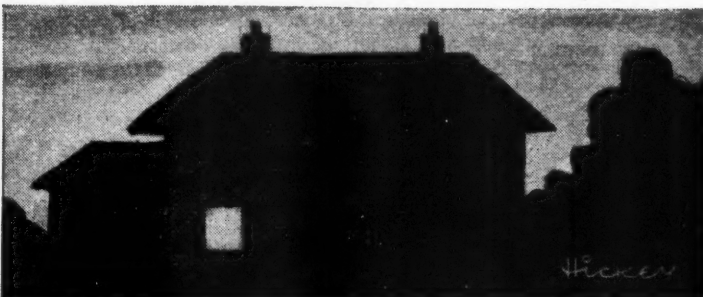
But you *can* descend a left-hand curve and at the same time rotate



WAR



VICTORY



PEACE

slowly to the right on your own axis—if you try hard. I often do it. It is not a task to hurry over; and it would be better performed in solitude, unimpeded by the attentions of frivolous sightseers, idle loafers, or mere sensation-mongers—the sort of people who wait at dangerous crossings in the hope of seeing accidents. But when the accident comes I am ready for it, and I am determined not to be the sufferer. Whatever happens, I shall protect my own back this time; and with luck I

may *get* my own back. I should like to think of my persecutors facing that doctor.

o o

#### Short Story

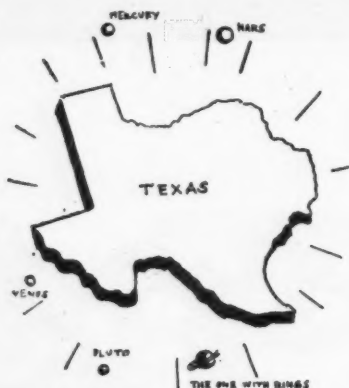
"Dear Sir,—We have your letter of the 23rd. August and would most respectfully inform you the pair of silk pants sent in your laundry week ending 4th. May last were at once recognised as belonging to another of our customers for whom we have been looking for, which we must ask you kindly to accept as correct."

*Letter from Laundry.*

## An Innocent at Large

XIV—Texas Stranger

HOW many people in Britain know the shape of their county, would recognize it if it were detached from a map of the country and presented as a mere geographical expression? Very few, I think. Well, in forty-seven states of the Union Americans are equally uncertain in their cartography. Texas is, of course, the exception. This is Texas:



—and every Texan knows it better than the palm of his hand. The purpose and significance of every salient and depression are understood; every subtlety of line and curve is appreciated. It is a noble work of art, this map, a masterpiece. And, not surprisingly, it is widely employed throughout Texas as a decorative motif—on stationery, furnishing fabrics, shirts and blouses, wallpaper and so on. Texans sneer at the configurations of other states (or, rather, countries—they seldom consider mere states) as cheap, derivative, banal, unimaginative or downright poor. There is a sneaking admiration for the bold outline of the U.S.S.R. and a grudging recognition of the felicity of touch behind the contours of China. But that is all.

All round her immense borders Texas keeps trained packs of inferiority complexes ready and waiting to pursue the visitor from beyond the pale—from non-Texas, that is. They are after you as soon as you cross the frontier, attaching themselves to your ego like so many burrs. By the time you reach a town in the interior, like Dallas or Fort Worth, you have collected so many wounds that a mere glance at a Texas Bluebonnet (the state flower) or a mocking bird (the state bird), or an overheard phrase from "The Eyes of Texas are Upon You" (the state song) is enough to make your knees sag. I was in Texas only a week and I lost three whole inches.

Let me give you some idea of how Texas sets about this ritual of belittling the trespasser. Exactly five minutes after arriving in Dallas I was confronted very dramatically by Gary Cooper dressed up as a policeman or Texas Ranger. He extended a long arm of the law across the side-walk and barred my way down Commerce Street.

"That'll cost you exactly ten bucks, bud," he said. As my eyebrows disappeared under my hat I fished about for some appropriate reply, but the Ranger seemed satisfied with my rate of diminution and explained that pedestrians who cross streets outside the prescribed channels are

expected to contribute to the city's exchequer. He added some ridiculous rider about jay-walking and as he spoke a small crowd gathered. One of these spectators was under six feet in height: he moved away sheepishly as soon as the policeman noticed his deformity.

I was losing height rapidly. What could I do? Fortunately I had a lecture already prepared on the British War Effort, lend-lease in reverse and the International Trading Organization, and I gabbled through selected chunks of it as quickly as possible. As I brought my remarks to a close the policeman stooped and shook me warmly by the hand. The spectators applauded briefly and moved on. I had saved the Government's American Loan Account ten useful dollars.

In other states I have been asked with monotonous regularity: "Well, what d'you think of us (Nebraskans, Californians, Iowans, etc.)." But Texans look bored even when you pay them the most outrageous unsolicited compliments. They *know*. Mind you, they are swift to detect an affront—a "great" or a "wonderful" instead of a "greatest" or a "maraculous." Anything less than a superlative is an insult.

Texans are tall (sorry! *tallest*) but they look even more tallest in their high-heeled boots and ten-gallon hats. They are very, very clever. Every hotel in the state has a few rooms specially designed for foreigners. All mirrors are set about six inches above eye-level, beds are ten feet in length, the wash-basin comes up to your chest and the light-switches, chains, etc., are just out of reach. Everything is planned right down to the last detail. All the



"... a small crowd gathered."

same, there are some unfortunates in Texas. I saw scores of advertisements telling people to "Be Taller My Way" and "Stop Stooping." Somehow I felt that I was too far gone, too far beneath contempt to waste the time of these clinics.

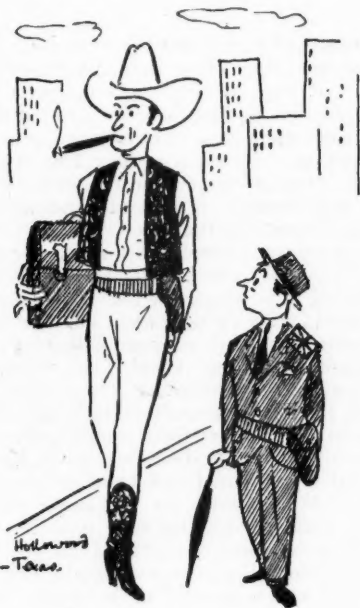
Texans are excellent propaganda for Texas. Texas is called the Lone Star State, and nothing infuriates a Texan more than to have a non-Texan point to the "Stars and Stripes" and say "See, isn't that one Texas, the star the

third from the left on the second row?" Texans loathe the idea of their bright lone star hob-nobbing with its forty-seven satellites.

How big is Texas? Well, it has an area of 263,644 square miles (I met a few people who put it at 263,657), which is 106,841 square miles more than the area of the runner-up, California. Texas used to be bigger than Germany: now it is bigger than Europe, the United States, Asia, Australasia and anywhere else you care to mention. Texans regard Mercator's Projection as a clever Yankee device to keep Texas down to manageable proportions.

According to a 608-page almanack I have been studying Texas was "annexed" by the U.S. in 1846. Before that its chequered history had included Indians, Spaniards, French and British missionaries and adventurers, a series of revolutions and a couple of wars. The big joke, of course, is that the United States still doesn't realize that Texas did the annexing. And now, "some observers think Texas to-day stands on the threshold of yet another era—probably the light of future history will reveal this prediction as having come true." I shouldn't be surprised, either. It is not like Texas to stand on the threshold very long.

Certainly the future looks bright. In a long list of industrial and agricultural products, from oil to sorghum and spinach, Texas comes out an easy winner every time in the U.S. league tables (production statistics). But there are a few black spots. For example, "Texas is the third leading peanut state, trailing Georgia and Alabama," and "Texas ranks third or even fourth among six states



that produce broom-corn." Obviously, where the figures look bad Texas just isn't trying—"... interest in lettuce growing has steadily declined" and "Texas seems to be getting less interested in growing garlic." In such cases one is left with the feeling that in the absence of reliable and up-to-date statistics ("... way back in 1933, when figures were last reported ...") Texas doesn't think the record worth having.

I was pursued through Texas until I went to ground in Dallas. At El Paso I left the Southern Pacific, grabbed a taxi and bolted over the frontier into Mexico, paying certain dues en route. I liked what I saw of Mexico enormously, and it would be grossly unfair to generalize from the two minutes I was there and the incident in which I paid very much too much for a packet of coloured postcards. Luckily the taxi jockey responded to my bribes and got me back to El Paso just in time to jump a moving train.

Then, long hours through the desert, an interminable ocean of sand, bare rock and scrub. Some day, I suppose, the desert will be made fertile and Texans will really begin to throw their weight about. I had imagined the ranching country to be packed tightly with cattle, horn to horn almost. All I saw were a few stray animals every hundred miles. They seemed to be nuzzling the dust. Perhaps they dig for groundnuts or something.

The cattle of Texas are beautifully ornamented with brand-marks (which may cover the entire flank of an animal). Like this:

U S

= "U Lazy S," a brand begun in 1866 by John B. Slaughter and still run by his estate.

or this—

6666

= "Four Sixes," a brand used by S. Burk Burnett, who acquired 100 head of cattle in 1870. Still run by Burkburnett estate.

But most of the poker-work is based on the map of Texas. Mr. Ripley should tell us why the markings always appear on the animal's left flank or slats. Any theories?

\* \* \* \* \*

To be serious for a moment. A young and very intelligent marine with whom I supped one night told me the most grisly stories about the white Texan's treatment of the negro—how, on his father's farm, for example, the negroes are given a thorough belting every so often just to keep them in condition. And other first-hand reports even more sickening. Southern negroes are often difficult customers, to be sure. Without the opportunities of the northern negro, miserably poor and overcrowded, they exhibit qualities which white people everywhere would find abhorrent. The sad thing is that the deep South has many equally impoverished whites, and it is from these people—the so-called "white trash"—that the negroes take their standards of morality and culture. Every intelligent American is fully aware of this vicious world problem, which, as I see it, is unique in that Britain does not hold the baby.

\* \* \* \* \*

And a P.S. I galloped back from Texas to New York to experience the "brown-out" caused by John L. Lewis's strike of the soft-coal miners. The streets were dim—not Stygian in their gloom, but rather like London lit up. Then, one Saturday night, I came out of a cinema (Rex Harrison in *Notorious Gentleman—The Rake's Progress*, I think, in England) to find Broadway its usual brilliant self. The strike ended at four o'clock: by six o'clock it was forgotten.

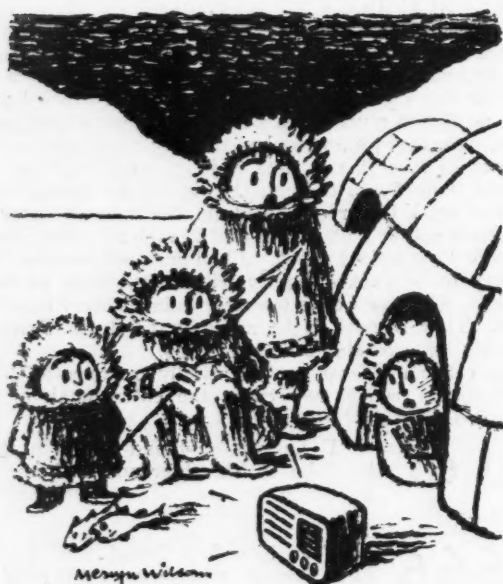
There may be a lesson there for somebody. Hod.

o o

"Whoever selected 'A Fatter of Life and Death' as the title for the Royal Command film must have been psychic."

Sydney paper.

Or something.



"... and during the winter months supplies of building materials should continue to improve."

## Comments

**M**Y more peevish readers will be getting fed up with this kind of title and wondering why I don't come out into the open and call everything "Jottings." Well, why I don't is because it wouldn't be right. A jotting, to those with any feeling for the language, is done with a quill pen, and suddenly, so that the beginning of each word is darker than the end, and these articles are not written like that. Sometimes the bottom of each word is darker than the top, but this just means that the type-writer ribbon has reached one end and, having a self-reversing mechanism, is hanging round waiting for a shove; sometimes, which makes them even less like jottings, I use words that are light all over, but this just means a new ribbon next time. My typing readers probably want to hear more, but I will only remind them that it would bore the others, and that no one's back-space key works any better than theirs, before passing abruptly to my first comment, which is on the sort of shop-front lettering got up to look solid, or raised from its surroundings. This sort of lettering is worth comment because of the mixed sensations it rouses in the average bus-load; kindly tolerance of a ruse that deceives no one, an artistic feeling that it is probably fearfully martistic, and a wistful idea that it was great fun to do. Of the lettering enclosed in glass, and nearly the monopoly of high-class butchers, I can only say that it is such an optical illusion that the average bus-load has never decided if the letters are meant to look as if they go in or out in the middle.

I might as well put in a bit here about architecture, which may be defined as how a building looks to those who know. (To those who do not know, it looks the same as it did all along, especially if it is their house.) Architecture

is a wide subject demanding of its students much heavy reading before they can safely mention it except in the company of proved stooges. Briefly, the main points of architecture are these. Round arches are Norman, pointed arches are Gothic. (I bet my readers are impressed.) There are also round arches which are not Norman and pointed arches which are not Gothic, but I think my readers can be more or less trusted here, anyway with railway arches and village schools. Oak beams, humpy floors, bacon cupboards, nail-studded doors worked by boot-laces, white-tiled bathrooms and a lot of fuss about minding your head are of course Tudor or Elizabethan; I mean, either will do for describing a friend's house to another friend. The sort of windows other people admire but wouldn't like to have to buy curtains for are Georgian, and with them go fanlights, black paint and a highly cultivated public. Other windows I should mention are the present-day, or steel-framed window, if only because it reminds flat-dwellers of home; and those stern, official windows opened (no one knows how) by a double cord or (everyone knows how but no one would like to make a first attempt in public) by a curly brass hook on a pole. I should also mention an interesting fact about the outward-opening window fastened by a metal arm with holes—the fact that to get the arm at the angle you want you have to fit the knob thing into the hole you didn't expect, and that no amount of practice makes any difference. A word, too, about blind-cords; no blind-cord worth the name has ever ended in anything but an acorn. To go back to architecture, I see that I have said nothing about the Crystal Palace, and I must point out the sad truth that it got burnt down just as people were being told they could admire it.

My next comment is on poetry anthologies. These may be defined as collections of the sort of poems that go into anthologies. (It may not seem a very clever definition, but it explains *Toll for the Brave* as nothing else could.) Anthologies have many uses. For instance, people wanting to read poetry can read them without fear of disappointment. Then there are the crossword-solvers, on the trail of a poem they know by heart and handicapped by not remembering the author, the title or the first line. It is a fine thing to see these people tracking down a poem with no more equipment than their instinct, their sense of period and their refusal to be beaten by four hundred pages; and a bitter moment for such people when someone else remembers the missing word while they are dallying over another poem they think other people should know they appreciate. Other noted anthology-readers are people who have been persuaded by the rest of the room to read out odd bits and let them guess; they are at their most popular when they read out the right bits: at their least when, like so many readers-out, they get bored and have to be jollied back into activity. Finally there are the people who pick up an anthology without really meaning to and get lost in a regular maze of compulsion, darting from poem to index and from index to poem; with nothing to stop them but whatever they were supposed to be doing before they started. An awful lot of people say they would like to compile their own anthologies, and perhaps this is why, because then there would be at least one collection they need never waste time over. There is another kind of anthology I must say a word on: the Christmas shop-catalogue some of my readers had this year. To those who read it just as reading-matter—and after all that is how most people do read these catalogues, anyway at first—I would point out that as they tracked down the text belonging to the illustrations, getting quite a proprietary kick out



*"Don't blame me, but you're stepping out of a rocket on the surface of the moon."*

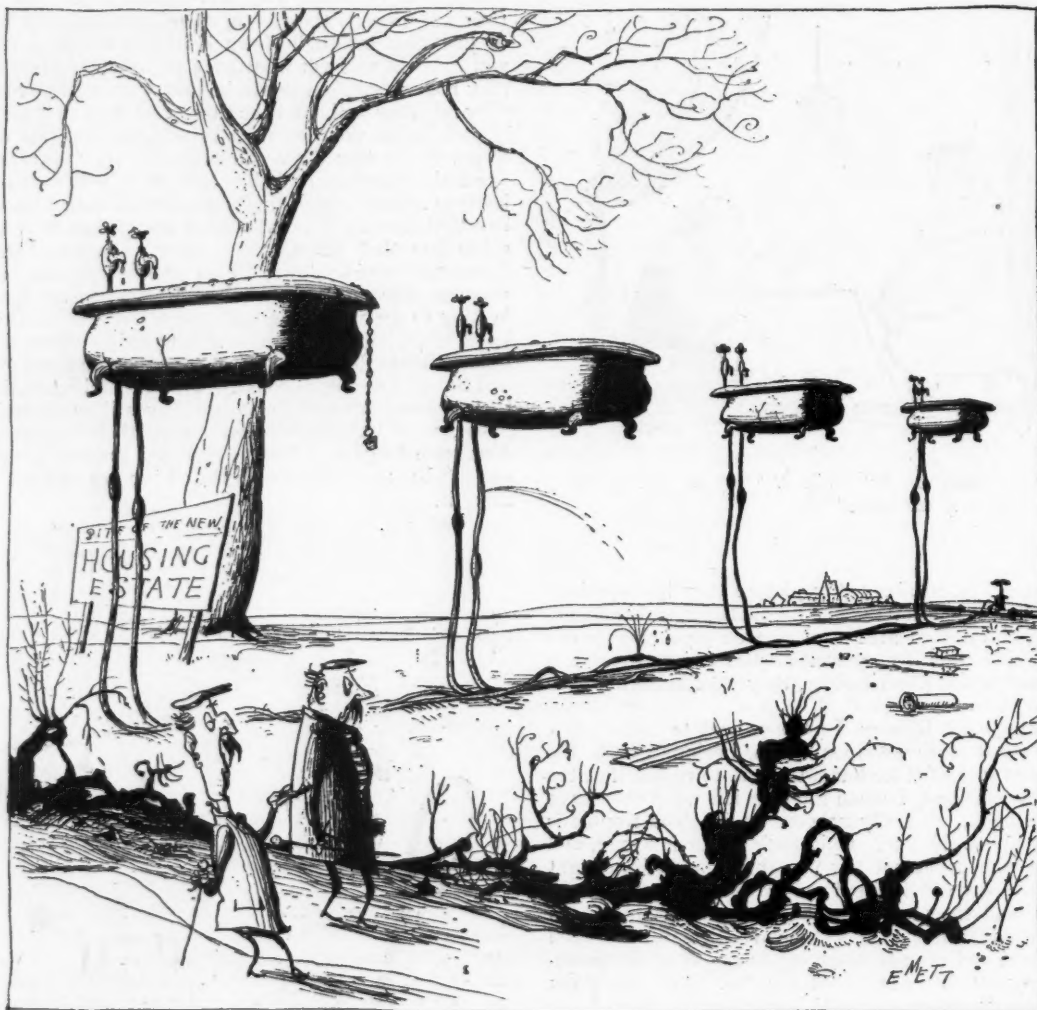
of anything written about any picture they had specially noticed, they were behaving just like all the other catalogue-readers, as unsophisticated a lot as even psychologists can think of; and that if they asked what people wanted, a billiards-table or a plush badger, they were behaving even more like them.

Still being a bit literary, I propose next to make a few remarks about clothes-coupon books, beginning with the remark that it is hard for human nature to realize that the coupons it can't use, I mean the ones left when they have finished a book, are really no good to it. The trouble is that they are so life-like. Only their colour is wrong, and to people who could not tell you the colour of the right coupons by now this is small consolation. However, facts are facts, and the most that these left-over coupons can do is to give a few moments of stunned anticipation between finding them and showing them to the expert of the household. Now for the coupons we *can* use. I do not think I am underestimating the public's intelligence when I say that it has only two sure ways of knowing how many coupons it has left—counting how many there must have been in the cut-out spaces and subtracting these from the number the expert tells it it had to start with, or (a more difficult method) counting the small, easy coupons left on the page, looking doubtfully at the long ones at the top and the big ones at the end, and then taking the book over to the expert. Even the expert may have to call in someone else, someone with a well-gutted book showing helpful gaps from which they can deduce the answer. That they will get there in the end is proved by the fact that anyone wanting something that needs, say, eight coupons is only too gloomily conscious of having seven left. Another feature of clothes-coupon books is the rather strange fact that when once their owners have bought something needing coupons they actually rather enjoy watching the shop-assistant cutting them out. Psychologists can't explain this. But philosophers think that it is a kind of reverse working of the rule that what you put into life you take out.

I can't help thinking of those people with typewriters and therefore with back-space keys that don't work. Perhaps they had forgotten all about them until I reminded

them, and it would be only fair to tell them how they can mend them, or rather what will happen if they try. First, they will unscrew the base of their typewriter if it has one, or just turn it upside down if it hasn't. Then someone will come in and ask what they are doing. They may or may not answer, but it will be pretty obvious anyway and they might as well hand the thing over at once if they want it back before their keenness thins down into just wanting to get it the way it was already; but they may take my word that that is probably how they will feel anyway, because if there is anything more baffling than a back-space key that doesn't work when you are typing, it is a back-space key that doesn't even exist when you turn your typewriter upside down. This sounds cynical. I don't mean to discourage my readers, because in the course of looking to see where the back-space key goes to they will learn what happens to all the other keys when they hit them, they will get rid of a surprising amount of dust and have a lot of semi-constructive fun, and when they get their typewriter on its feet again they will put in a piece of paper, type "thththth" and assure their helper that it does seem to go better now, and that anyhow they don't use the back-spacer because they have got so used to not using it.





*"So they're NOT going to be bungalows after all."*

### *Visibility Poor*

**T**HE old man went on walking,  
Walking about in the mist,  
For it wrapped the night like a bandage  
Binding a black man's wrist.

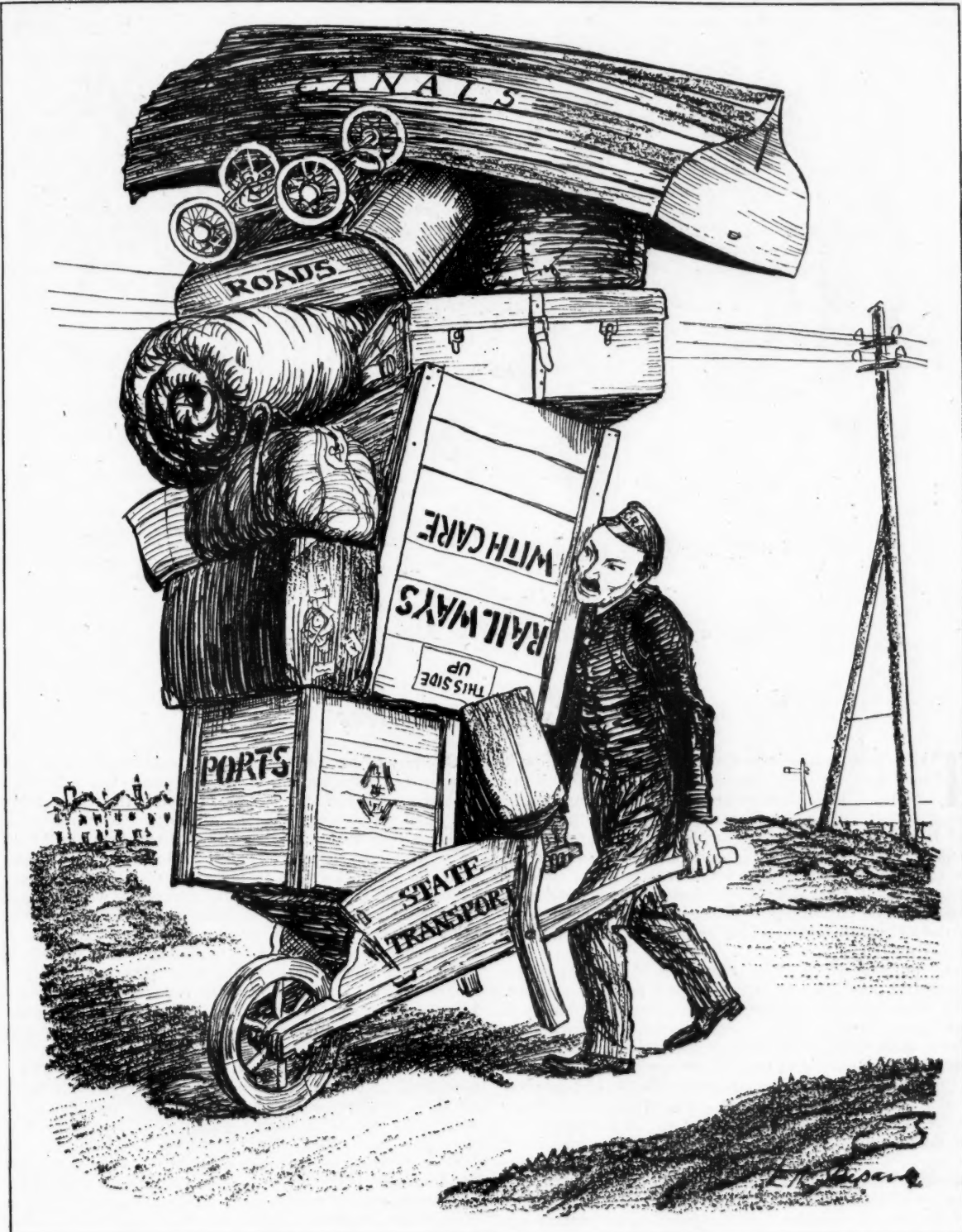
The boughs crept out and caught him  
With coils he couldn't escape  
And the grey leaves grew on nothing;  
They were shapes that had no shape.

The old man went on walking,  
He was charging the night with sound,  
The sound of his old boots banging  
On cold uncarpeted ground.

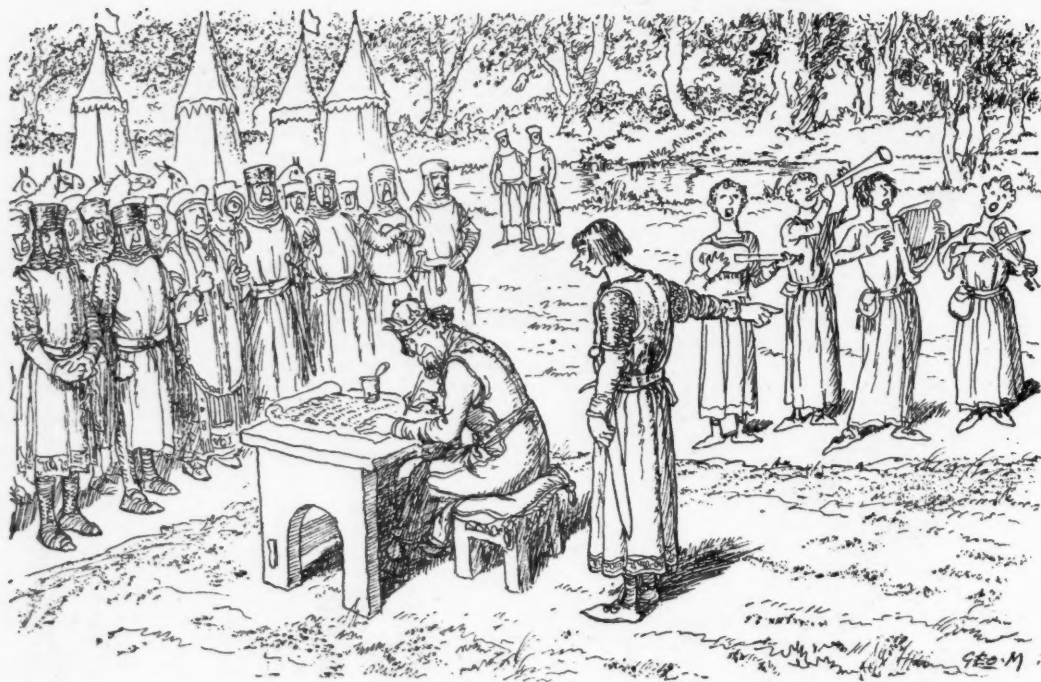
Smiling and grey and green-eyed  
The meadows had been that day  
But to-night they were naked and sightless  
And fearfully far away.

The voice of the white owl calling  
Was a wound in the woolly air  
But the old man went on walking,  
He didn't really care.

The earth was bald and buried,  
The round moon lost and blind,  
It was just like the disc off his near-side wheel  
That the old man couldn't find.



THE PERSPIRING PORTER



*"Just a friendly gesture, sire—Your Majesty's signature tune."*

### *H. J.'s Belles-Lettres*

**T**HIS Belle-Lettre is on the Literary Life and how it may best be led. Many wonder that with all my science I have time to indulge in Literature at all, and this they do because they are mere simple innocents and believe that a writer's task begins when he puts pen to paper; but actually much is done beforehand by the use of thought, trances, streams of consciousness and the like. I find, for example, I can easily practise antithesis, assonance and not ending with prepositions while shaking bottles or winding wire round and round things until it has become a coil.

One problem which afflicts all writers is that inspiration comes and goes, no one knows whence and few whither. Thin, weak writers just wait and hope that something will turn up, but being a forceful personality I bully my unconscious, usually by getting into financial difficulties, which can easily be done by increasing my smoking. I am then so frightened that defence mechanisms operate and inspired is what I just have to become. Sometimes I get over-inspired and then ideas occur when I am far from my desk and have to make notes, the natural place for which is on the back of envelopes, but these usually turn out to be unposted letters. Sometimes my ideas seem so brilliant that I believe they will remain for ever engraven on my mind and need not be written down, but this is always fallacious. Hence I am driven back to a notebook, although when it is produced suddenly in a bus or street those in uniform fear I am going to report them and visit their umbrage on me.

One way of getting stimulated is social life, but there is a danger that once you are stimulated your ideas will erupt violently and you will say them aloud, thus permitting others to get into print before you do; hence workers on daily papers should associate mainly with workers on weeklies or even stick to workers on monthlies to be on the safe side. It is, however, desirable to include a diarist among your acquaintance because there are many remarks which cannot be worked into literature without getting in the way of other remarks, and it is a pity for such to be lost.

This question of social life is really the root of the whole matter, and though I do not often make puns, as I find them rather difficult, I am going to make one now: the Literary Life is easier to lead in caves than in caves. To understand this pun you have to pronounce the first "caves" in French and then it means cellars; and the real meaning of the pun is that wine and comfort will get you further in writing than being grim and prehistoric, even though this may be all right for murals. People talk about starving in a garret and say this leads to a good deal of Literature, but once you have mentioned Chatterton you will find it difficult to think of any other example. It is true that Dr. Johnson's house had a garret, but this was filled with employees writing a dictionary, and is more an example of domestic industry merging into the factory system than of literary hardships. Indeed, biographies of most authors are full of clubs, restaurants, cafés, swimming in the Adriatic, house-parties in the country, convivial walks, the B.B.C. cafeteria, etc. When, therefore, I sit down to

high tea I am not feeling all the time that I should be gnawing crusts of bread upstairs, but gnaw my pastry or seed-cake with a clear conscience.

You who are reading this, unless you are an expert and reading more attentively than is consistent with pure relaxation, probably have not the faintest idea that there were several stages between the first inspiration and what you meet on the printed page. The original draft, for example, had no paragraphs and all the verbs were in the infinitive, because, to begin with, it is more important to accumulate material than to bother about details of form. Such a word as "two" is written "2" in this version. Nor do you probably realize that some of it was written in a hammock—or rather I was sitting on a high stool and my typewriter was in the hammock. Several of the sentences, however, were revised while I myself sat in the hammock and lent over to the typewriter, which was then on the high stool. When polishing I usually underline beauties in red ink and blemishes in black. I can thus easily count up the number of each and by seeing which is the greater I know whether I have a winner or something which will have to be published as "Juvenilia."

The final stage—publication—has become complicated by my discovery of the *Writers' and Artists' Year Book*, which warns one in great detail against such sharks as would filch the Polynesian rights from poor authors or not inform them that they were entitled to claim an income-tax allowance for buying the *Writers' and Artists' Year Book*. It also tells you how many markets there are, which is very confusing. If, for example, you have been plugging away at *The Times* because that is the only paper they used to have in your old home, you may suddenly find that no fewer than fifty-seven different journals would welcome your True Love Confessions, whereas Printing House Square has returned every one, and that only because you have enclosed a stamped-addressed envelope. Copyright

is another problem which is forcibly presented to readers of this volume. The only safe thing seems to be simultaneous publication in England and America—and that even joint war staffs could not plan.

I doubt, myself, if the Literary Life will get much easier, despite all this modern invention. I do not feel that the recording of one's books on strips of wire offers wider literary prospects. The great advantage of the ordinary kind of book is that you cannot do much with it except read, since rickety tables and pressed flowers have gone out, while strips of wire will tend to get used for all sorts of household jobs. Again, we are told that the electronic brain can go mildly insane, and it is always possible that with its valves in a fine frenzy flashing it might produce really noble and beautiful thoughts, but it is just as likely to regress into infantilism and have delusions that it is an abacus, which would mean a psychologist in the house and further interruption, because psychologists are not content just to stick at the patient but want to treat their family background as well, and before you knew where you were you would be warned off Literature altogether and put to making things with wicker—or worse.

### Anti-Post

*POST* every equitem, whose mount I back,  
Sits *atra cura*, dressed in brief authority,  
And grades my ration on the racing-track  
An ordinary high-posteriority.  
Thus, if I choose X.Y.'s Selected cinch—  
What's-his-name up—say, Romulus (or Remus),  
Starting *poste restante* it is sure to flinch,  
And *Postumus* will finish (or *Postremus*).

J. B. N.



## The Cosmic Mess

THIS column spent most of Christmas preparing its diary for the New Year—a job that becomes more difficult and discouraging every year. Anyone who is doing research work on the Decline and Fall of Man will find a strong line of evidence in the falling-off of pocket diaries. This column has been studying sadly its diary for 1941, when the enemy was still at the gate—and up the chimney. A little book, three inches by four: but what a wealth of information it contained! Not only the Golden Number, Epact, Year of Solar Cycle, Dominical Letter, and other “hard news” like that: but all the Saints’ Days, and all the Law Sittings and the University Terms; the Moon’s Phases for 1941, the Sun’s Risings and Settings for Each Saturday, and a handy little table of Eclipses; Correction to Find the Greenwich Time of Sunset at Various Places, Postal Information (four pages), Stamps and Excise Duties, Metric System—Handy Conversion Rules, Useful Memoranda (about litres and millimetres), British Weights and Measures (essential to this column), a Foreign Time-Table (this column bets you don’t know what time it is in New York now); Rates of Brokerage; four pages of Notes of the Year, marking all important dates from the beginning of Cambridge Hilary Term to the Expiration of Pawnbrokers’ Licences, the Winter Solstice and the Battle of Waterloo. Then there were notes about Angling, and the Seasons for Hunting, Shooting and Fishing; Lighting-up Time-Table; Speed Table for Motorists, Motor Index Marks; Useful Notes for the Motorist (four pages), and (to this marine column most precious of all) the times of High Water, London Bridge. There were some charming pages about Passports, a list of the War Cabinet, and Other Ministers; addresses of Public Offices, two pages of Dividend Days, short essays on the Public Trustee and Wills, twelve pages for Engagements, and four for Memoranda—all this before you came to January 1 in the diary proper! And at the other end there were two pages for Notes for 1942, five for Memoranda, twelve lovely pages for Monthly Cash Account, and one for Annual Cash Summary (invaluable for telephone numbers and addresses).

Now, there was a pocket diary for you! But not for years—not, perhaps, since that exciting year—has this column been able to find its like,

though this column begins diary-chasing in late October. High Water, London Bridge, of course, became a military secret and has never been mentioned in a diary since, though all the war it was published daily in *The Times*. Why should we not have it again? Leave out Epact, Austerity; forget the Golden Number, if you must, Sir Stafford Cripps; but let us have High Water, London Bridge.

And let us have the Moon’s Phases, at least, so that the mariner may know when to expect the Spring Tides and the Neaps, and the hostess plan her picnics and garden-parties for a moony night. Believe it or not, in the comparatively spacious diary which a kind aunt has given to this column there is not a single reference to the moon! The whole year passes without a change of the moon. Indeed, apart from the days of the month and the week, and the names of the Sundays (Sexagesima, etc.), there is not one scrap of information in the book. Not even St. Patrick’s Day: not even Grouse Shooting Begins, or Dog Licences Expire.

No doubt, for all this, Austerity and Sir Stafford will be blamed; but this column believes that Laziness and Parsimony should be in the dock as well. The manufacturer of this diary is making Austerity an excuse. This column will not go on about High Water: but for the absence of the Moon there can be no good cause. Those dear little black dots and crescents take no space at all.

This column is bound to use the diary so kindly presented by its aunt: so it has spent three hours of its useful life inking in the Phases of the Moon for the whole year, and the time of High Water for the first three months. And it resented this. (It will be Full Moon, by the way, on December 27th, 1947, at 2027 hours.)

It resents, too—though here Austerity and the Minister may be responsible—the absence of any pages for Monthly Cash Account or Annual Cash Summary. This column has never yet made any sort of monetary notes upon these pages: it uses them, like all good men, for telephone numbers and addresses. And what is it to do without them? It should be clearly understood by the diary-mongers that at every year-end this column transfers to next year’s diary all its telephone-numbers, not only the numbers of the last year, but the numbers of *all* the years. The regulars

alone—the doctors, dentists, daughters, bone-setters, clubs, restaurants, pubs, police-stations, London River piers and calling-places, publishers, employers, agents, duns, relations, old friends—now occupy four pages. Included among the “old friends”, it is true, are many persons this column has not seen for four or five years and does not expect to see much of again. But in they go—such is this column’s faithful heart—carefully inscribed in ink. And all the year new numbers are being acquired. This column meets them at clubs, parties, luncheons, political meetings, in the street, and down their numbers go, not now in careful ink but in rapid and illegible pencil. By the end of the year this column has few clues about most of them—who they were, where they were met, whether they wanted a divorce, a book, a pension, a job, an introduction, or a part in a play. Who, for example, is JEAN PRO 7340? Or is it JOAN FRE 7240? It well might be. Never mind. In she goes—with a query. For, who knows, one day a clue may accrue.

But where does Jean—or Joan—(PRO or FRE) go? That is the practical point. In the good old days she took her proper place in the wide spaces of Monthly Cash Account, or Annual Cash Summary, or Memoranda, or Engagements. In the mingy diaries of to-day there is only just enough room for the regulars in Memoranda. So Jean (or Joan) goes down on December 21: and George Penn (whoever he may be), with his interminable address, goes down on December 20; and Henry Katt—? Mushholme 490 (Tol) goes down on December 19. And gradually, as the year goes by, the whole of December fills up. Then November fills up. Last year, when the diary broke all miniature and mingy records, October filled up too: and for the last quarter of the year this column was quite unable to record any appointments or engagements for the press of odd telephone numbers and addresses. Chaos therefore resulted in this column’s public life.

This column hopes that it does not sound petulant, and recognizes to the full the industrial difficulties inevitably to be expected, etc., after-math, etc., global upheaval, etc. But it did just want to draw attention to some of the practical difficulties of diary-life and trusts that among the plans for reconstruction, etc.



*"There, dear, that's twenty-five shillings, so we shall be all right even when they do cut off the current."*

This column belongs to a generation which has fought, or suffered, two world wars. But it looks without envy on the younger generations who have had one war only. How much they have missed, this column thought, as it waited for an electric train at the nice clean Baker Street Underground Station. They never knew the old Baker Street—perhaps the most vivid and painful memory of this column's boyhood in London. Do you remember it—the continual smoke and murk, the train puffing in at last, the passengers almost invisible, everyone coughing, every nostril black? This column's notion of Hell in those days was to be a porter at Baker Street Station. But, to the young, electricity is a normal, inevitable thing. And they never knew the horse-bus, the old Red Bus. To them the swift car with a self-starter is as obvious, and easy, as breathing. A break-down is almost an unnatural portent. They knew not the days when motor-cars were always

stopping and sweating men were always winding them up. They turn a switch and hear opera in Rome or behold Toscanini conducting in their own homes. They know nothing of the crystal set, the "cat's whiskers", the crackling head-phones, and a time when many of us thought that nothing would ever really come of "the wireless". Turning on Toscanini, to these poor young, is not much more remarkable than turning on the gas. To this column it is still a miracle—in which this column, in its heart of hearts, still does not wholly believe. And gramophones! Records that make an orchestra play better than it really does—that reproduce the sighs of the conductor! These are natural and inevitable to the young. They never knew the dear old "phonograph" with its cylindrical record and raucous tones, that seemed to us to be magical. Goodness, they do not remember, most of them, the days of the silent screen, the wordless mouthings of the

performers, and the delicious captions that explained the action—"MEANWHILE . . ."—"CAME THE DAWN . . ." and so on. What they have missed! They are like mountaineers finding themselves suddenly on the peak without the pride and excitement of the climb.

And, by the way, if all these things are to be counted as Progress, as this column supposes they must be, this column wonders whether in a similar period the new generation will advance so far, invent so lavishly and well, as our poor old capitalist generation did. A. P. H.

"I never want to see two finer stops than those by the big goalkeeper. Once especially when Ivor Powell headed in and Swift jumped upwards and downwards and twisting, seemed to stretch himself then flash down in a pike dive and hold the ball going away from him in mid-air. It was the save of a century."—*Egyptian paper.*

Who did the choreography?



*"And to think that it was only a year ago I was telling you how near a bomb fell a year ago."*

### My Photograph Album

MY photograph albums are vast affairs bound in stiff red morocco, and the pages before the pictures are stuck on them are white and gleaming and full of endless promise like nursery slopes in the Bernese Oberland. It is a pity that that promise is so often unfulfilled. The first volume opens effectively enough in the winter of 1913 with a picture of myself at the age of four days sitting in a wash-basin. The basin stands on my wash-hand-stand to this day. I have not, however, been able to sit in it now for some time with any degree of comfort—a fact which gives the lie to those people who insist that they cannot detect the smallest change between my appearance then and now.

This part of the book was naturally not compiled by myself but by my father; and on the whole it is the jolliest part of the book, although as a personal record of my activities it is marred by

my father's habit of including subjects which reflected his own rather than my interests. Page three, for instance, is devoted entirely to pictures of his red poll heifers, with none of whom, as far as I can remember, I had much in common, and some of whom I may not even have met.

I suspect too that at times he was not above sticking in a picture or two with which he did not want to clutter up his own album and yet which he did not quite like to destroy. How else can one account for the inclusion of those unwieldy groups taken in connection with the golden wedding celebrations of Goodge our groom and Mrs. Goodge?

I have no quarrel, however, with the general run of photographs taken at the time of my early childhood, particularly those of the year when my mother, in a commendable attempt to bring a little variety into her hat trimmings, has rung the changes

between emus at play, buzzards at bay, ptarmigans about to take off, golden eagles having just alighted and flocks of pained-looking parrots. In one case, causing little comment among a welter of fruit and vegetables, a swarm of bees has apparently lent its services gratuitously.

The pictures at this stage are arranged tastefully, and under each in my father's flawless handwriting is an apt inscription which lends to the whole the rarefied character of a contemporary exhibition at Burlington House. A picture of my cousin Grace, for example, leaping over a lifeboatman at Frinton earns the title "Grace A-bounding," while a group of convalescent soldiers round our sundial is wittily inscribed "Patients on a Monument." Pictures of my father himself, on foot, on horseback, intimidating buffaloes, quelling coolies, hemmed in by hounds, weighed down with dead fish or posing with a feathered friend

shortly after plugging it full of buck-shot, receive more dignified inscriptions, such as "Alone I did it," "Pro Bono Publico," "Kiss me, Hardy," and "Watchman, what of the night?"

The gentler sex, as my father ingenuously called his female friends and relations, are invariably portrayed drooping under parasols, draped over hammocks and generally dripping with early morning dew. They occasion such gallant observations as "Soul's Awakening," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Tween the Gloamin' and the Mirk," and "Frailty, thy Name is Woman."

I sometimes suspect it was a desire to satisfy this penchant for the *mot juste* that made my father engage a butler by the name of Love, although he was by no means the most prepossessing of the several applicants for the post. Father lost no time in confronting Love with the family camera, and the result is that notable series of studies which appears in all our albums and includes the memorable "Love in the Mist," "Love is Blind," "Love Locked Out," and, shortly before dismissal, "Love in Idleness." It later transpired that a number of other studies, among them "In Pursuit of Love" and "Love Behind Bars," were held by the police.

In the course of this volume my brother and my sisters and myself are depicted wading our way through droves of unsatisfactory nurserymaids and unsuitable French governesses. We pass rapidly from perambulators to scooters and from scooters to tricycles. We romp in hay wains. We fondle and are slobbered over by divers livestock. We look self-conscious in fancy dress and deceptively picturesque in donkey carts. We are each in succession the Dormouse in the Mad Tea Party. Occasionally, due to some fault of printing or paste, we fade completely away; but whether we remain to grace the scene or not my father, with his unfailing flair for a phrase, invariably sums up the situation with some suitable misquotation. Striking, in the case of the children where they appear on their own, a rather more informal note, he has left us some of his happiest witticisms, among them "The Tipple Alliance," "Tree's Company," "Hail, Morning Smile," and the celebrated "Nose Between Two Prawns."

This youthful idyll is rudely broken into at the time that I acquired my first camera and with it the right to stick in my own pictures and, after some persuasion, to make my own puns. My choice of subject for my earliest camera studies seems to have been determined largely by what was

immediately in front of the camera at the moment when, having forced a film into the appropriate slots, I prepared to take aim. This proved in a large number of instances to be my middle finger. One may note, however, a fine study of a water-butt apparently caught in the act of dashing across the yard and a telling shot with rather the Orson Welles touch about it of my father's knees against a background of tin cans. Another picture, typical of this phase, of what was in fact and flesh a fine equestrian group shows only the hind leg of a donkey, doubtless severed, as my father remarked jocularly at the time, by the conversational prowess of our current French governess.

Of course I was still allowed my quota of photographs taken by adults, but the supply of these never came fast enough to satisfy my craving for sticking in and my determination to get to the end of Vol. 1 and start on Vol. 2. Consequently I outdid my father in the matter of irrelevant entries. The 1922 season opens with no fewer than seven views of the Taj Mahal as seen round the edge of our housemaid's fiancé, then a trooper in the Duke of Abercracknell's Horse. I have not met the young man to this day. He may be a high-ranking officer by now or he may still be a trooper blotting out the Taj Mahal. He played poor Ellen false and the pictures only came into my possession after I had recovered them in a limp condition from the moat. On the opposite page is a picture taken without caption or acknowledgment from the *Illustrated London News* of an eight on the river at Henley. According to my note, which I find it rather hard to credit, the crew is a varied and interesting one that includes Herbert Argue, our under-gardener, rowing six and the Shah of Persia occupying the bow thwart.

As a work of art the album fails at this stage by reason of my incapacity to achieve true alignment with my pictures and my habit of flattening the things down with my bare hands immediately after having adjusted the chain of my bicycle. I seem also to have shown a far greater aptitude for getting glue on to the fronts and surrounds of photographs than on to their backs, and to have written in my inscriptions with an implement which might have done yeoman service as a toasting-fork but could never really have seen itself as a pen.

The remarks themselves disclose an attempt to combine the quiet scholarship of my father with the brusque colloquialism of my preparatory school.

I also had a habit of making my captions so wordy that they sometimes got pulled up short by the edge of the page or strayed under pictures for which they were not intended. For instance, in the case of a snap of my aunt walking away from one of our Long White Lop-eared pigs and entitled "Higgery, diggery, dog, Aunt Hermione hysterical when heckled by hot-headed hog," the last two words have overflowed under a formal portrait of my godfather, Osmund, Bishop of Bessarabia, thereby precluding the insertion of some more dignified if less far-sighted comment. It is almost a blessing that in so many instances the captions have had to forge their way through areas laid waste by glue and that the ink has eddied out into little lakes and rendered the writing undecipherable.

Towards the end of Vol. 1 I have developed a habit of cutting people out of their photographs and placing them about the place independently. In the course of this operation projecting features such as fingers and feet have often failed to survive the uprooting. Apart from this inadvertent dismembering I have also had to do a certain amount of deliberate amputation here and there in order to jockey a picture into a small space. Whenever as a result of either of these processes I have found myself with a bit of rose bush or perhaps an ear to the good, a sense of orderliness has caused me to stick the offshoot in by itself, often at a distance from its parent body as though it were a cutting which I expected to take root. I have given to each of these upstarts, space permitting, some suitable title of its own such as "The Arm of the (Sister-in-) Law."

I well remember my pleasure when my father, after asking me whose fish-knife I had used for cutting out my characters, summed up this part of the album by saying that he considered that I was Picasso's only serious rival.

#### It Seems Clear.

"... it seems clear that the Government do not consider that rationalization by co-ordination requires unification except in a financial sense."—*The Times*.

#### Tableau

"The building is on fire," announced the organiser of a concert in a Belfast sports club on Saturday and 200 men singing and playing billiards filed out safely."

*Daily paper.*

## At the Play

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"  
(PICCADILLY)

WITH its vast canvas, its many short, vital scenes and its quick changes of tempo and geography this of all SHAKESPEARE's historical plays usually gets a fairer hearing in the study than the theatre, but Mr. GLEN BYAM SHAW has succeeded in unifying it to a remarkable degree and in moulding its poetry into the shape of an exciting story. He is greatly helped by MOTLEY's ingenious set. That most awkward stage direction, *they heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra*, is very honestly overcome by the use of stout blocks and tackle, on which *Cleopatra* and her maidens pull with a will; all I dislike in the arrangements is a wooden door which, sliding automatically over the alcove, sounds like the slamming of a roll-top desk and strikes a crudely mechanical note out of keeping with the smooth civility of the rest of the set. A small point, this; what matters is the warm humanity of the production, its expert flow and some splendid acting. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE has never to my knowledge been seen to better effect. Of his *Antony* it is possible to believe that this is indeed a great captain, humbled and led astray by love. He is here a romantic figure in the best sense, his bearing majestic and his declamation grand; and all without any of the petty pomposity which would have wrecked the balance of the character. He is triumphantly natural, even with his staff in those manly scenes which can freeze up so terribly; the stag party, for instance, on *Pompey's* galley develops uproariously on precisely the same lines it would follow to-day where the Navy is host. If towards the close, particularly in the scene with *Eros*, he grows a little too mild, a little too gently welcoming to his fate, that is a defect which by now he has probably put right.

By stressing the sheer trollop in *Cleopatra* at the expense of what Coleridge rather prettily called the criminality of her passion, Miss EDITH

EVANS has legend on her side, and how brilliantly she does it! This is Jermyn Street on the grandest possible scale, plus wit, malice and, in truth, infinite variety. It is a wonderfully human performance, and though Miss EVANS's technique, supreme in comedy, shows up to less advantage when the time comes for tears, her spirit and understanding delight us from start to finish.

Mr. ANTHONY QUAYLE's *Enobarbus* is very good; robust and full of feeling. Mr. MICHAEL GOODLIFFE's prim *Cæsar* is usefully contrasted, Mr. DAVID GREENE's *Pompey* is a richly

breathe too foggily; and after she has escaped from it in double-quick time a lynx-eyed committee of children pronounce the padlock intact and the many gruelling knots in the bindings to be still theirs. No wonder the Davenports levitated themselves without more ado.

His other diversions range from the maddeningly simple to the atomically dramatic. Handkerchiefs knot and unknot themselves under our noses, rings twine and untwine ceaselessly. A lady in a tub who is obviously stabbed to ribbons is found to have passed conveniently through the solid oak, and another lady, after floating about under Mr. MASKELYNE's magnetic hands proves to have disappeared altogether. Very powerful juju, charmingly put over. Unfortunately Miss EVELYN HOME-DOUGLAS was away ill.

Mr. ROBERT HARBIN is a most accomplished magician, chain-smoking cigarettes from nowhere, tearing newspapers to bits which suddenly reassemble and producing live radios out of the slack of his cuff; but his outstanding turn is a feat of memory (assuming he hasn't a walkie-talkie in a match-box) which is staggering. He first calls for numbers from one to a thousand, which he writes down. Then, having given a copy of *Whitaker's Almanack*, an English dictionary and the *London Telephone Directory* A-K to the audience, he takes the selected numbers one by one and

tells us what is printed on the top line of the page bearing that number in each of the three books! And he got them all right, except for part of one, which he immediately corrected. Try doing it, even with numbers from one to twenty!

This good programme is supported by KUDA BUX, an Indian who sees what is written by our representatives on a blackboard although his eyes have been conscientiously obscured by them several times over, and by KRANDON and KARNA, the first of whom can balance anything, even perhaps our Christmas accounts, and possesses such strange powers over balls that one is inclined to feel his proper place is out in Australia, giving Bradman something new to think about.



THE DEVOUT LOVERS

*Cleopatra* . . . . . MISS EDITH EVANS  
*Antony* . . . . . MR. GODFREY TEARLE

companionable fellow and Miss NANCY NEVINSON makes *Charmian* much more than a comforting echo behind her mistress.

## "HEY PRESTO!" (WESTMINSTER)

Whether he has us on in the guise of a Chinese sage, enviably armed against electricity cuts by the priceless gift of spiriting boiling milk and coffee out of the unwatted air, or in his well-fitting tail-coat, Mr. JASPER MASKELYNE has lost none of his hereditary cunning during the war. I shall always like best of his tricks the box made by his grandfather in 1865 to expose the Davenports' pretensions. He still has the original, with its stout hasp and large glass panels, through which the lady can be seen trying not to

### "MOTHER GOOSE" (CASINO)

My Personal Adviser on matters pantomimic came with me, and here is his expert report: "This is jolly funy. Ther are 3 wizzerd funymen calld NAT MILLS, who is Muther Goos, and DAVE and JOE O'GORMAN, who are just funy. They wollup eech uther a good dele and are pritty crool to eech uther and wen they think ther is a gost who is reely qwite a ordinary yewman lik yew and me they git in a fritefull stait and all most have to be tacon to hospittle. Then ther is a horribul crool sqwyre calld STANLEY HOLLOWAY who gits better and endsup by marrying Muther Goos. Wile they are mooving things behind the curtain he tells a super storey about Sam and his Crismas pooding and wot the Dook sed. The polisman is a fritefull funk calld CON KENNA who is alright untill eny wun does anything wen he cleers of. A very pritty gerl drest as a boy is calld CELIA LIPTON, and sum joly fine berds are calld EUGENE'S FLYING

BALLET, thogh yew could see ther wyres. Ther was also sum wizzerd danding dun by the TILLER GERLS, and a good dele of clever children who was sed to be the TERRY JOOVENILES. Wen the cow was milkd we got tinns of dride milk insted of wet milk. A funy band had a man with a sor foot wich got hit fritefly by the big drummer. Then ther was a heelektoper wich went bang and Muther Goosess pore made was shot throgth the flor. I larfed." So did I. A lot. Highly recommended. EMILE LITTLER produced.

### "THE WIZARD OF OZ" (WINTER GARDEN)

On this my P.A. writes: "I xpeckt yew saw the fillum so I xpeckt yew knoe the storey. This isent a very funy pantoe at leest ther arnent tummy larfs like in *Muther Goos*, but ther are sum gentil wuns and it is nice to luk at. Ferst of all I likd the wickd witsh, Miss ELLEN POLLOCK. She wasnent just wickd but a absolut pest as well and yew could tell how orful

she was by her fritefull larf. She was on a wyre most of the tim and in the end thank gudnes she was dun in. The scareroe was joly good, he danded and sang superly, calld WALTER CRISHAM. They had rather a lot of curtin trubble, not ment to be funy I mene. The wizzerd lukd evry insh a wizzerd, calld RAYMOND LOVELL. His voise caim out of his boots and he had a grene wigg. CLAUDE HULBERT made a desent lyon and the pettrel pump man who must have bene joly hot was calld FRED KITCHEN (jnr). (Wot jnr menes I carnt say.) Ther was a good dele of nice children and animuls and they all sung joly well, speshully the wizzerd I mene the reel wizzerd song wich yew probbly rember. The wizzerd was fritefly gredy and kep on havving XIsss wich made me fele rather hungrey." *Minority report*: This is fair enough. The spirit of the film is there and most children will like it, but with such a good cast I think it might have been a bit funnier. BASIL DEAN produced. ERIC.

### At the Opera and Ballet

PUCCINI, genius of the theatre that he was, knew how to wring the last drop of romance, pathos, drama or horror out of any situation. He could bring tears to the eyes or send shivers down the spine of a *fin de siècle* audience; but one wonders how he would have tackled the problem of curdling the blood of an audience of the nineteen-forties. The only really horrifying thing about his *Tosca* nowadays is that it entirely fails to horrify, for all its torture-chamber from whence come melodious tenor cries of agony, and its heroine, whose virtue is the price of her lover's life, caught in the toils of a human monster. So case-hardened have we become that *Tosca* has all at once become a period-piece, belonging to a far-away epoch when stage horrors could still shock the sensibilities.

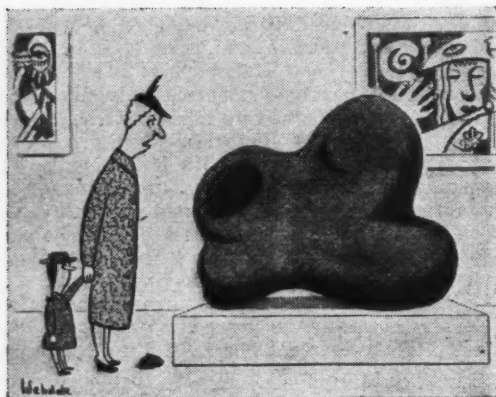
But though the horrors of *Tosca* have ceased to horrify, the artistry of a MARIANO STABILE remains a wonder and a delight. What a singer, and what an actor he is! It seems impossible that the urbane, polished and courtly intriguer Dr. Malatesta in *Don Pasquale* and the ferocious and sadistic *Scarpia* in *Tosca* could be the same person, even if *Scarpia's* built-up nose were subtracted. The bland countenance has taken on an out-thrust lower jaw and become brutish; the urbane smile has turned into an evil leer; the elegant gestures with the lorgnon have become violent and menacing; the

aristocratic gait has changed into a savage trampling that seems to crush innocent victims into the dust at every stride. When this *Scarpia* comes into the church in search of his prisoner his entrance is like pent-up evil bursting forth with sulphurous violence from the mouth of Hell. From that moment he dominates the scene, his black cloak overshadowing the stage like the wings of a huge vulture. Watch him turning over the fan dropped by the *Marchesa Attavanti*—it might be its owner imprisoned like a fluttering butterfly in that merciless hand; watch the expression of the leathern face as the idea of using *Tosca's* jealousy to entrap her takes shape in his mind; watch him threaten his myrmidon *Spoletta* with the gallows for failing to recapture his prisoner; hear his sardonic declaration that he is no good at twanging guitars or making sheeps' eyes at ladies under the moon, and that he prefers to possess himself by violence of what he desires. It all holds one spellbound. It is a vocal and histrionic *tour de force* sustained to the very end in *Scarpia's* horrible dying gurgle.

MARGHERITA GRANDI is a tall, statuesque and very accomplished *Tosca*, an excellent partner both as actress and singer for Signor STABILE. Her "Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore" is beautifully sung, and her dramatic moments lack nothing in intensity. ANTONIO SALVAREZZA, the *Cavaradossi*,

has a beautiful legato and a fine and powerful tenor voice—a shade too incisive for the Cambridge Theatre, but a voice that has the elements of greatness in it. "E lucevan le stelle" is thrilling to hear. By contrast with these three singers, Italian of the Italians, there is something refreshingly British about the *Sacristan* of IAN WALLACE, who might be a bucolic inn-keeper out of *Pickwick Papers*. He is an excellent artist, and his rendering of the rôle brings a breath of fresh air into the empurpled Italianism of the opera. A similar success is achieved by TONY SYMPSON, whose *Spoletta* might be a pirate from *Treasure Island*—an unexpected character to meet in Rome of the Napoleonic era, but one clearly capable of any kind of thuggery and a ready instrument to *Scarpia's* murderous hand. Altogether the New London Opera Company are to be congratulated upon their *Tosca*, which is very ably conducted by ALBERTO EREDE.

The revival of *Swan Lake* at Covent Garden by the Sadler's Wells Ballet is notable for the poetry and brilliance of MARGOT FONTEYN in the double rôle of *Odette-Odile*, and for LESLIE HURRY's designs, especially of the fairy-tale palace and the costumes of its inhabitants. These are really beautiful and would in themselves make the ballet well worth seeing even if the dancing were not as good as it is. D. C. B.



"Bernard! Speak to me!"

### Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Our Tottering Heritage

READ *On Trust for the Nation* (PAUL ELEK, 25/-) and unless you are a ribbon-developer or a juggler in desirable sites you will quickly be convinced that for its valiant defence against the knacker, the jerry-builder and the muddle-headed official we should all be deeply grateful to the National Trust and glad to do everything in our power to help it. No better advocate could have been found than Mr. CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS, who from Peacehaven onwards has smitten the vandals hip and thigh. In writing of architecture he has a style of his own, as entertaining as it is instructive; to take only two samples he says of that lovely but astonishing house, Moreton Old Hall, Cheshire, "there is a whispering huddle of overhanging windows . . . a conspiracy of oriels," and the Victorian passion for turretry he compares to "the mediæval hathdothery of Wardour Street." Having made the point that what the war left unshattered of our legacy of beauty has grown infinitely more precious, he describes the work of the Trust and then conducts us on a tour of its most notable acquisitions in England and Wales. It is a momentous and thrilling expedition, which takes us to great houses, the stuff of history now made safe for the future, like Montacute and Cliveden, little gems such as John Nash's Blaise Hamlet, and those strategic tracts of open country which, pending the formation of National Parks, are what Mr. WILLIAMS-ELLIS calls "amenity-hedgehogs." This is a lavishly produced book, worthy of its story and completed by lovely photographs, some attractive drawings by Miss BARBARA JONES, a workmanlike map and an index. E. O. D. K.

#### An Irish Essayist

Mr. SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN has collected a number of pleasant if rather slight essays on literary themes in *The Rose and Bottle* (THE TALBOT PRESS, DUBLIN, 5/-). Perhaps the chief charm and interest of the book are in its glimpses of the men, friends and contemporaries of the author, who at the beginning of the century were injecting new life into

Ireland: Arthur Griffith with the Sinn Fein movement; "Æ" with his plans for the agricultural regeneration of the country; and the dramatists of the Abbey Theatre, W. B. Yeats, Synge and Lady Gregory. At the first performance of Yeats's *The Countess Cathleen* there was a hostile demonstration by Catholic students, and a counter-demonstration, in which, Mr. O'SULLIVAN writes, a youth sitting near by but unknown to him took a vigorous part: "It was James Joyce, who was later on to face an even greater storm of disapproval when he published his *Ulysses*." Mr. O'SULLIVAN writes about his illustrious contemporaries with a kindness which they did not feel, or at any rate express, for one another. If less admirable, his book might have been more stimulating had he written more often in the style of "Jackal and Lion," an attack on Orrery, Dean Swift's half-hearted and disparaging friend. The most informative and amusing of his essays deals with various imitations of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. Their titles, "The Frequented Village," "The Happy Village," "The Rising Village," should have ensured brisk sales among readers depressed by Goldsmith, but unaccountably failed to do so. H. K.

#### Costly Laurels

Almost everyone who has wrested success from an obdurate world is inclined, looking back, to emphasize the obduracy rather than the success; and this is particularly true of women. The professional woman is heavily handicapped and her voice not easily attuned to the masculine crow of triumph. When, therefore, one regrets that the late Miss EMILY CARR was more communicative about her *Growing Pains* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, TORONTO, \$3.50) than about her remarkable interpretations in prose and paint, of primeval Canada, one regrets an almost inevitable drawback to a sincere and poignant autobiography. Her parents died in her childhood; and the Victoria of the eighties seems to have provided enough of the smug and hideous in domesticity and religion to have disgusted a headstrong young woman with both. Painting at San Francisco, she found companions to whom art was largely an escape from contemporary life, as it seems to have been for herself during her long, unlucky tour of England's most uninspiring art schools. The novel and entirely sophisticated savagery of Paris came just in time to provide her with a technique to interpret the old, unsophisticated savagery of Indian Canada when, broken in health but not in spirit, she returned to her own country and her hard-won fame. H. P. E.

#### Evans of the Broke

According to Abraham Cowley, it is difficult for a man to write about himself, because it grates him to say anything in his own disparagement, and it grates the reader if he praises himself. It does not appear from *Adventurous Life* (HUTCHINSON, 20/-) that Admiral Lord MOUNTEVANS has been much daunted by either of these difficulties. The problem of self-disparagement he has solved by not disparaging himself, and he deals with his readers as forcefully as he dealt with the German destroyer when he rammed it with the *Broke*—"Our guns, which would bear at maximum depression, were turned on to this wretched ship and we literally squirted 4-inch shell into the helpless vessel." This autobiography, therefore, is not for those whose approval has to be angled for by assumed humility and judicious self-depreciation. But readers who don't resent being knocked out in a fair fight will, when they have recovered consciousness, take great delight in this

exhilarating record of a life which has been, as the author puts it, "very much more of an adventure than most people's . . . an active one, a 'live' one, and one without regrets." From his earliest years, when he roamed round London with his brother, fighting other small boys, raiding shops, and keeping policemen busy, down to the second world war, when he was London Regional Commissioner for Civil Defence, Lord MOUNTEVANS has not had an idle moment. But he writes with as much gusto about others as about himself, and is only one of the book's many heroes.

H. K.

### Workaday Herbs

The curative properties of herbs were more familiar to our mothers than they are to ourselves: not only because tradition persisted, but because the more scholarly girls' books of the last generation—Charlotte Yonge's, for instance—showed great ladies learning from humble poticaries to salve their tenants' sores and their knights' wounds. It is this art to which Mrs. C. F. LEYEL reverts in *Compassionate Herbs* (FABER, 12/6); and as her first book on herbal remedies—the tisane-and-julep one—seems to have pleased both the poticaries and the ladies, both publics will wish to add the second volume to their shelves. It is primarily a collation of old lore with new research. The introduction explains the medical terms used to describe the plants' properties for those of us who have not got much beyond "astringent" and "anti-scorbutic." It explains, too, how one herb can have many functions. The daisy, for example, which owes its Linnæan name *Bellis perennis* to its services on the battle-field, is also useful taken internally. The record, an international one, of separate plants covers "Wound Herbs," "Antiseptic Herbs," "Astringent Herbs," "Herbs to Control Pain" and "Herbs to Allay Fever"; but we are not told—and that is perhaps a pity—much about the processes used to apply them.

H. P. E.

### "The Bravery of Man"

Brigadier BERNARD FERGUSSON, D.S.O., takes the title of his second great book about his Chindits, *The Wild Green Earth* (COLLINS, 10/6), from some lines by T. P. Cameron Wilson—"two things have altered not since first the world began—the beauty of the wild green earth and the bravery of man"—and makes one realize the truth of them, as one reads his account of the second and more elaborately organized expedition into Burma in 1944. To attempt to recount the hardships and gallantry, humour and heart-break, fortitude and brotherhood described in the first part of the book, which deals with the march, would do no service to writer or reader. The author says "Three hundred and sixty-five miles of the march was in single file, and it was very boring," yet his account is not boring for one single paragraph, and this may be partly because he lets us share the kingdom of his own mind which is stored with philosophy, generosity and poetry. The second part he describes as a "sort of Cottage Pie of learning derived from both Expeditions . . . of learning how to live in forest," and deserves to become a hand-book for commanding officers since it contains so much well-digested experience of things necessary for morale and the well-being of troops. Among these necessities he lists smoking ("Orthodox soldiers were deeply shocked at our lack of restrictions on smoking . . . If your men are so under-trained as not to be competent to judge when it is safe or otherwise to smoke, it is time you went out of business as a commander of guerilla troops"), sugar, padres, mails and monthly air-letters to

next-of-kin to be sent from headquarters if they could not be sent personally. He has written a great book for the second time.

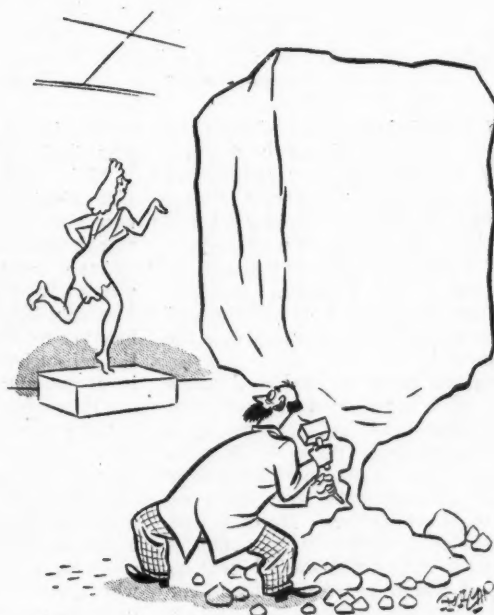
B. E. B.

### On Foot in England

Very few broadcasts, except the studied pronouncements of statesmen, read well. They are too chatty; and Mr. GARRY HOGG's . . . *And Far Away* (PHENIX HOUSE, 12/6) is no exception to the rule. Yet the three walking tours that dominate the book are discerningly chosen for their beauty and solitude, and for their generosity in offering sheep-tracks and green rides as alternatives to tarmac. The first route traces the course of Offa's Dyke from Chepstow to Prestatyn. The second takes the Pennines from Skipton to the Scotch border. The third follows the limestone ridge that runs from the Dorset coast to the Cotswolds. Described in detail, with excellent photographs, they not only show what the walker can still hope to do, but how difficult it is to do it. Hotels are given over to expensive parties. The English pub has abandoned any pretence it ever made of providing food and beds. Yet it seems over-sanguine to expect, as this particular pedestrian did, small farmers and cottagers in lonely places to put up any and every casual stranger. The only Youth Hostel Mr. Hogg passed was the kind a perceptive traveller would pass. Yet the future of the walking-tour lies with youth (and similar) hostels, and most of them are admirable.

H. P. E.

"No writer since Dickens," claims the dust-cover of Mr. A. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD's *Money Is No Expense* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON, 7/6), "has produced a book called *David Copperfield*." And no economist since Stephen Leacock, it is probably fair to say, has written with such judicious levity as Mr. HOLLOWOOD. His book is an expanded version (with many of the author's own drawings) of the guidance "Hop" has given to *Punch* readers on such matters as denationalization, Civil Savants, immortal portals and austerity manners. Warmly recommended to all but the determinedly doctrinaire.





*"And would you take a note of the time—I'm establishing an alibi."*

### Coming Soon

WHEN James came down from town looking as if a main bearing had seized in his mind and whispering "Daboo, daboo," hoarsely to himself I broke open the medicine cupboard to get us a sherry.

"I've lost my grip," he groaned.

"Much in it?" I asked.

"Don't be a fool. I've lost track of a most valuable thought-sequence for my novel."

I might have guessed. James's novels are a sad burden to those of us who remain his friends. Not only is he extraordinarily deficient in plot-hatching mechanism, but he suffers agonies of conscience over what he does to his characters. He once told me he had no sleep for a week debating his moral right to make a bigamous Hungarian walk out from a fifth-floor window into the Place de la Concorde.

"Is Daboo a new religion or a grease-solvent or what?" I asked.

"It's simply a reminder-code. When I'm planning a book sometimes nothing new may come into my head for a month and then without warning the dynamo gets up momentum and absolutely brilliant ideas flood in. The only hope is to give them each a heading as they come and memorize the initial letters. Then one can sort it all out afterwards."

"Provided—"

"It's never failed me before. To-day I struck a wonderful vein while I was lunching with three men who knew all about nuclear mass. Not just flashes in the literary pan, good for a couple of bright lines, but complete schemes of thought, the kind of thing which would make reviewers cry out in their ecstasy: 'We have long been

admirers of Mr. Bracegirdle's vigorous novels, but never before has he revealed himself as a glowing and original figure in the field of philosophy.' Now it's all gone," James moaned, holding his head. "Pure gold chucked down the drain. A cask of cosmic spirit with the bung out. I had to rush to a tomfool meeting afterwards and by the time I got to the train my mind was a blank. Daboo may stand for anything."

"How does the novel go?" I asked.

"Stickily. It's about a sweet rather simple girl called Lady Honoria Trimm who's married to a corpulent banker and has two perfectly beastly little children. She does pretty good abstract designs and plays Bach a lot on the piano with a far-away look in her huge green eyes, but the banker expects her to keep accounts and go out to awful dinners with other fat

men who drone about rates of exchange, and the children are always being sick. You get the set-up?"

"Where is the plot?" I asked, as kindly as I could.

"Well, it's a novel of ideas, really, but what's going to happen is she'll get nearer and nearer to running away until one night there's a terrific fire and the banker saves her at frightful risk to his life. In fact they both all but peg out, and when they recover consciousness a new and beautiful relationship is born."

"You call that a plot?"

"It may not sound much to a gross brute like you, but actually the notion of differences being purged by fire is an exquisite conception."

"I see," I said. "Where are your victims at the moment?"

"Spending Christmas at Oxford with his father, a nice old don with a beard and stomach-trouble who knows a lot of rather odd people who talk well."

"Then 'D' wouldn't stand for Dukhobors, I suppose?"

"What are Dukhobors?"

"Nonconformist Russian peasants."

"Certainly not," said James savagely.

"O.K.," I said. "I thought they might have dropped in to tea. You get all sorts in a university town. 'A' isn't short for Ankylostomiasis?"

James snorted a?

"A special tummy-ache tunnel-workers get. I thought perhaps in his youth papa-in-law—"

"Never," James growled. "It's no good. I've been mentally right through the *Ency. Brit.* I'd better forget it."

"Of course," I said, "a fire may be a very fine dramatic clinch, but you might as well try to fry your overdraught as expect flames to have any effect on the soul of a banker. Bankers keep them in asbestos safes."

"So what?"

"On the other hand the type of girl you describe is made of far more malleable stuff. Now I suggest that on Christmas afternoon she comes into the drawing-room at Oxford to find an oriental figure in a loin-cloth warming his derestricted areas at the fire. As the professor is busy with one of his interior spasms she is obliged to do the honours. The famous mystic, for he is none other, declines the chair she offers, preferring to sit crosslegged on top of the tallboy. They talk. Within half an hour he has entirely redecorated the girl's mind with the timeless, ageless wisdom of the East, so that having a husband openly wedded to sterling now means no more to her than the impact of a tincture at the other side of the world."

"You've got something there," James muttered, pouring out two more doses. "Go on."

"For the future she looks only for inner beauty. When her husband stamps in at four-thirty demanding buttered crumpets in his coarse bimetallic voice he is etherealized for her durably in the dim, rosy, all-enveloping mists of Nirvana."

"Jumping Cripps!" cried James, pacing about the room. "It's terrific! I can make that the most moving moment in English literature. But I say, what can I call this bird?"

"Why, Daboo," I said. ERIC.

## Lunch with Littlepool

LITTLEPOOL, a man with thin hair and a mouthful of smiling teeth, first asked me to lunch in the summer of last year. We were washing at adjacent basins, and I wasn't taking much notice of him.

"Funny being together in the same building again," he said, and asked if he could borrow my soap, calling me "old man." Soap isn't a thing I lend with good grace nowadays, especially to people who call me "old man," but when I looked up I remembered his face—his teeth, at any rate—and slipped the transparent sliver into his

palm. At the same time I said "Hello," feigning pleased surprise with such conscientiousness that I allowed my tie to trail in the water.

"How long is it?" he said. I thought at first that he meant the soap, but this seemed silly, even for him. "How long is what?" I said, through my towel. "Since we met," he said, through his.

I guessed. "Ten years?"

"It's a small world," said Littlepool.

This I could not bring myself to answer, and probably it was my silence that prompted him to make the proposal; he felt, I think, that it was wrong for such old acquaintances to be at a loss for something to say, and, for something to say, he said it:

"We must lunch together one day, old man."

"That would be splendid," I said, after a moment's pause during which my thoughts darted desperately up one cul-de-sac after another. These indefinite invitations make it difficult to put up a comprehensive defence of prior engagements. True, some little devil prompted me with the words, "I'm going to China on Monday," and I so nearly gave them utterance that I went quite hot and pondered for a second in horror on the things one might say.

However, Littlepool was not looking at me. He was taking unreasonable care over his funnel-shaped parting and grinning at himself in the glass so that unsuspected reserves of teeth were laid bare. "We'll do that," he said. "Actually, I'm a bit rushed this week—"

"So am I," I said, "luckily." He frowned a little at my reflection, and I hurried on—"I mean it's lucky that we both can't. But next week—"

"We'll fix it up," said Littlepool.

"I shall look forward to it."

"I shall be seeing you about the building."

"Oh, rather," I said. "We shall be running into one another."

As it turned out, we were doing this constantly. Littlepool's office was on the floor above, but he seemed to have a lot of business to do on my floor. I, on the other hand, had a lot of business to do on his. We were always running into one another, usually at the bend in my corridor, so that the thing was made worse by the little step-dance of dodge-this-way-dodge-that which invariably marked our meeting. We were always in a hurry, both of us, but generally found time to talk about the lunch we were going to have together when we had time. Our conversations about it were quite long at first.



"We must fix up this lunch," Littlepool would say.

"Rather."

"Any good this week?"

"Well," I would say, "this week's just a bit—"

"Oh, well, we've plenty of time. Should we go early or late?"

"There's more room if you're early—but the joints often don't come on until late, don't you find?"

"That's true," he would say, nodding soberly. Then with a transfiguring and craggy smile he would wave the bit of paper he always carried (I always carried one too) and continue on his way, raising his voice on some parting note of cheer, such as "Perhaps next week" or "We'll have a good old yarn." What he thought we had to yarn about I never had the least idea.

By the time the autumn came we devoted these occasions almost exclusively to deciding where we should go for lunch when we could manage it. Littlepool would have heard of a little place he used to know in Soho that had reopened, and I would counter with news of a club I shortly expected to be joining. In the winter, when our breath stood out before us in clouds in the unheated passage we began to talk of the drinks we would have before we began the meal, and of the little

coffee-rooms with big fires that we had heard of. "Ideal for a good old chat about old times," I was horrified to hear myself say one day early in November.

"Should I ring up and book a table?" said Littlepool, already beginning to wave his piece of paper and move off.

"I'll find out the number," I said cheerily, waving mine.

During the first fortnight in December my resistance was low and I felt that I could not face Littlepool or his lunch, real or imaginary. I took another man into my confidence and sent him out to look down the corridors before I ventured out of my room. Although he reported that he had never met Littlepool on these reconnoissances (and I think the description I had given him was clear enough) he did mention a stranger, a small dark man, who appeared to spend a lot of time idling about in the corridor and on the stairs up to the next floor, and cautious inquiries disclosed that the stranger was one of the underlings out of Littlepool's general office.

It was this, undoubtedly, that gave me the strength to come out into the open again. If Littlepool was as keen on cancelling the project as I was, then the whole evil structure of pretence and deceit could surely be swept over at a blow. I made my decision, and by a

lucky chance, just before Christmas, I found Littlepool beside me once more at the hand-basins.

"Hello," he said, blinking and handing back a piece of soap to the man on his right. "Look, old man—"

"No, no," I said—"you look. About this lunch—"

"Well, actually—"

"It's practically the year's end now, Littlepool, and we've—"

"I know. I've been looking forward to it very much indeed, only things have been difficult."

"Let's wash the whole thing out."

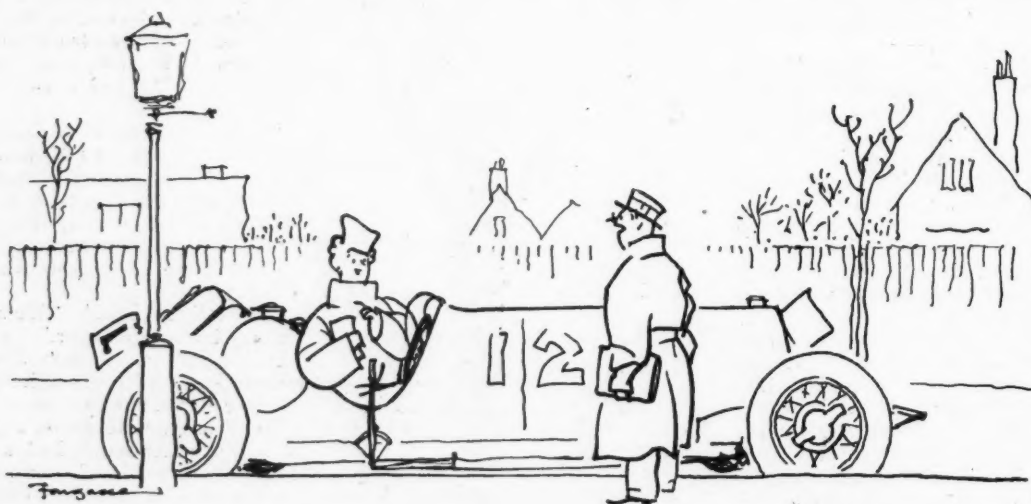
I said it bluntly, straight from the shoulder, and waited for his protestations. But he was grinning at himself in the glass and did not immediately speak. Then he allowed his facial muscles to relax, exercised his lips and jaw vigorously for a few seconds and said, "I'm afraid that's just what we shall have to do, old man."

"Why?" I said, like a fool.

The man on Littlepool's right laughed.

"He's going to China on Monday," he said, and Littlepool smiled a monolithic smile.

Later in the day I had an opportunity to say good-bye to him on the same old bend in the corridor. He promised to send me some tea, but I'm not banking on it. J. B. B.



"My own little car's broken down, Mr. Examiner, so just for my test I've borrowed one from my nephew."

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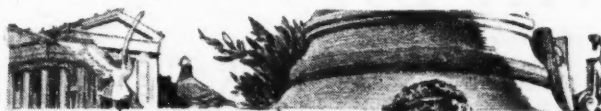
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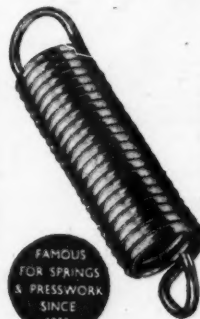
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please make it last. If care-  
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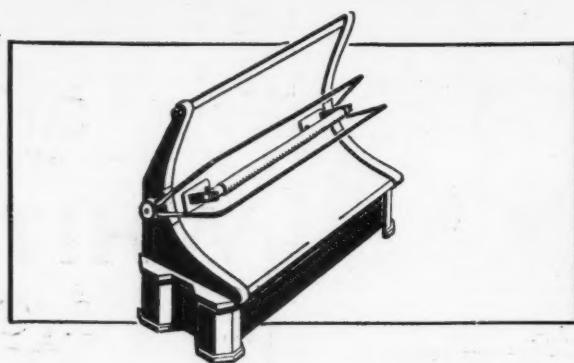
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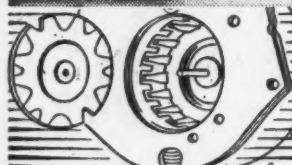
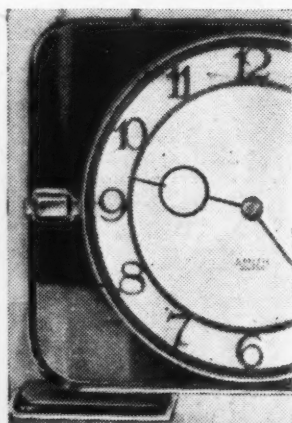
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CVS-19

**IT'S THE MOVEMENT THAT COUNTS**

No. Four

*What's Sintering?*



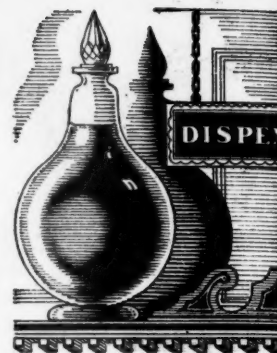
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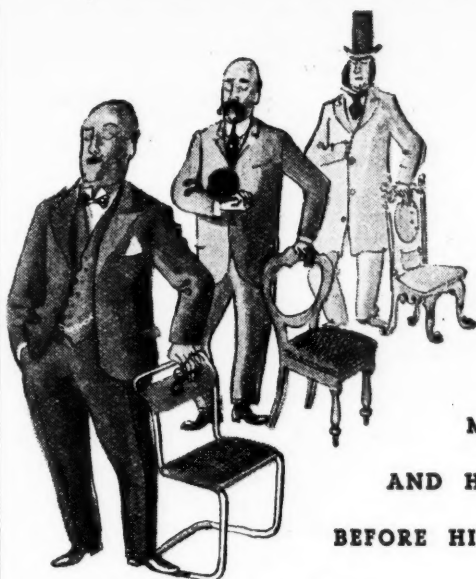
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AND HIS FATHER  
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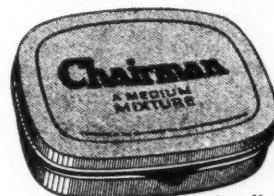
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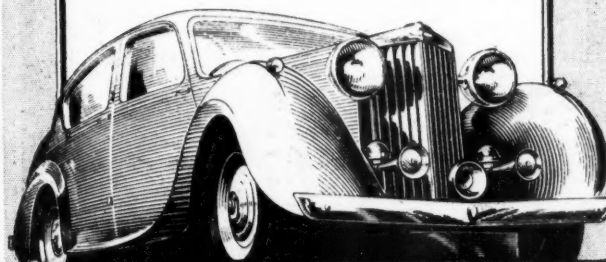
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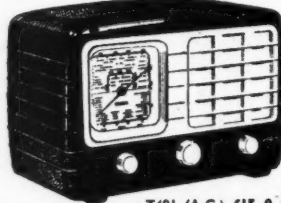
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